

# THE NATION

FEBRUARY 7, 1959 . . 25c

Upsala College  
Library  
East Orange, N.J.

## WHITE-COLLAR EXPLOSION

*Reece McGee*

## CIRCULATION UNLIMITED

*Carl E. Lindstrom*

## THE UNLOVED CITY

*Eugene Raskin*

# LETTERS

## More on Vanzetti

*Dear Sirs:* I appreciate your calling my attention to Dr. Ralph Colp's piece on Vanzetti in *The Nation* of December 27. You can well understand my interest in anything that is written with regard to this man, whom I defended in court, and who was cruelly done to an unjust death.

Dr. Colp has written a beautiful and touching biographical inquiry. I, who got to know the Plymouth fish peddler quite well, felt, as I read Dr. Colp's word-portrait, that I was once again in Dedham, once again talking and conferring with this wonderful man who was doomed to a tragic end.

But there are two things in Dr. Colp's article to which I must strongly object. He says: "We will probably never conclusively know whether Vanzetti was innocent of robbery and murder. . . ."

To say this is to damage seriously Dr. Colp's whole thesis. If Dr. Colp can assume that Vanzetti committed robbery and cold-blooded murder, then on what basis can he speak of Vanzetti as being kind, philosophical and tender-hearted? I know that Dr. Colp seeks to be objective, but it is obvious that he is impressed with the man, admires him, and feels keenly the injustice done him. He compares him to Mazzini and to Debs. I myself compared Vanzetti to Socrates. But I respectfully submit that no person can or should say that a person is like Mazzini and at the same time say that there is the possibility that that person could be a robber and an assassin for money.

If Dr. Colp has read the record of the Plymouth and Dedham trials, and the record of the proceedings which followed in all the courts, and has read the proceedings before Governor Fuller and the Lowell Committee, and has read the book *The Untried Case* by Herbert B. Ehrmann, he can come to no conclusion other than that Vanzetti was innocent. And if he did not read that basic material in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, he should not voice opinion on Vanzetti's innocence or guilt.

Nor can I understand what Dr. Colp means when he speaks of Vanzetti's "unconscious guilt fantasy of having killed a parent" — his mother. This is the most astounding statement I have encountered in all the literature on Sacco and Vanzetti. To say that Dr. Colp commits a non-sequitur is putting it mildly. He quotes from Vanzetti's autobiographical sketch, in which

Vanzetti writes of his mother's last illness, namely,

I remained alone to comfort her as best I could. Day and night I remained with her, tortured by the sight of her suffering. For two months I did not undress.

Science did not avail, nor love. After three months of brutal illness, she breathed her last in my arms. She died without hearing me weep. It was I who laid her in her coffin, I who accompanied her to the final resting place, I who threw the first handful of earth over her bier. And it was right that I should do so, for I was burying part of myself . . . the void left has never been filled.

And from all this, Dr. Colp comes to the conclusion that Vanzetti had the feeling that he had killed his mother! With all due respect, I can only say that this is arrant nonsense! . . .

It is too bad that Dr. Colp had to go into such flights of irresponsible fantasy. He wrote a splendid piece on Vanzetti. I believe he respects Vanzetti, even admires him, but how he can do so if he thinks there was the possibility that Vanzetti slew two innocent fathers and murdered his own mother, I cannot possibly grasp.

MICHAEL A. MUSMANNO  
Justice of the Supreme  
Court of Pennsylvania

Pittsburgh, Pa.

*Dear Sirs:* Rather than an inquiry reflecting "scientific training," offering the "wisdom and friendship . . . of Bartolomeo Vanzetti," we are treated in Ralph Colp's "biographical inquiry" to a fanciful excursion into parlor pseudo-psychanalysis that cannot fail to make students of analytic psychology shudder.

What strikes one immediately about the article — even taking cognizance of its preliminary nature — is the paucity of clinical data upon which complex personality evaluations are built. From the single element of extreme grief exhibited by Vanzetti upon his mother's death, Colp postulates maternal death wishes strong enough to lead to a guilt-produced depression. This depression is then assumed to be of sufficient intensity to cause twelve years of aimless wandering. He utilizes this same force to explain Vanzetti's prison creativity as stemming, in part, from the guilt-relieving impact of punishment. And, without an additional fact, Vanzetti's final dramatic acceptance is interpreted as the ultimate longing for punishment. From Vanzetti's fears of attack while in a

transient paranoid state, Colp deduces homosexuality immediately, again without citing an additional meaningful fact. . . . It is clinically meaningless to raise, let alone develop, such complex hypotheses without intensive personal contact with a fairly co-operative subject, or access to more detailed subjective material than Vanzetti produced. . . .

If, consistent with Ockham's Razor, we eliminate most of Colp's interpolations as non-essential, significant sections of the article still remain intact. These are the sections where Colp allows the tur-

(Continued on Page 128)

## In This Issue

### EDITORIALS

109 •

### ARTICLES

- 112 • White-Collar Explosion  
by REECE MCGEE
- 115 • Canada Shelves the Arrow  
by HAROLD GREER
- 117 • Circulation Unlimited  
by CARL E. LINDSTROM
- 119 • The Unloved City  
by EUGENE RASKIN

### BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- 121 • The Threat of Culture  
by HAROLD ROSENBERG
- 123 • The Color of Experience  
by RICHARD GIBSON
- 124 • A Line on Waugh  
by JEAN MARTIN
- 124 • Midsummer Night (poem)  
by CHARLES GUENTHER
- 125 • Theatre  
by HAROLD CLURMAN
- 126 • Records  
by LESTER TRIMBLE
- 126 • Art  
by MAURICE GROSSER
- Crossword Puzzle (opp. 128)  
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher  
Carey McWilliams, Editor  
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor  
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre  
Maurice Grosser, Art  
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry  
Lester Trimble, Music

Alexander Werth, European  
Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, Feb. 7, 1959. Vol. 188, No. 6

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1959, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year \$8. Two years \$14. Three years \$20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian \$1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

## EDITORIALS

---

### Silence on Selective Service

In *The Nation's* view, the Universal Military Training and Service Act, which expires in June, is unfair, wasteful (in terms of manpower) and contrary to the best interests of American youth (see "Draft-Dodger or Patriot?" by John C. Esty, Jr., *The Nation*, January 10). But it is vulnerable on strictly military grounds as well. The Pentagon's manpower experts know that the day of the mass conscript army is over; today the need is for small, highly trained, professional armies. To recruit, and hold, personnel of the type needed, pay and status must be improved. The current re-enlistment rate is very low and it will not rise until conditions of service are improved. We are convinced, too, that the experts of the Air Force and Navy, if encouraged to testify, would agree.

But the experts of all three services are under wraps; only the voice of the top brass is heard. They, of course, are motivated by the fact that we continue to insist that our European allies maintain some form of compulsory service. Moreover, it would be difficult to reconcile requests for additional funds for "hardware" and other equipment with the admission that we might be able to dispense with compulsory service. Congress could, if it wished, by-pass the top brass and give the real experts a chance to be heard. But neither in the Senate nor the House is there a political leader who is prepared to insist on a full hearing and a debate on the merits. Critics are numerous but most of them start from the assumption that, since the act must be extended in some form, a debate on its fundamental suppositions is futile.

And to what extent is the public interested? Most of the groups that should be actively opposed to the extension of the act are either silent or indifferent. This includes organized labor, the teaching profession, college and university administrators and, above all, student groups. Only the church groups, and by no means all of these, are urging fundamental reconsideration of the problem of military manpower. Since the act will probably be extended, but for reasons which have nothing to do with its merits, the least that Congress can do is

to limit the term to two years and establish a commission—as the British did some time back—to elicit the expert opinion which is now "classified." Here is a striking illustration of how exaggerated Congressional deference to the military has the paradoxical result of obscuring expert military opinion.

### No Business Like Show Business

Unless it's the missile business. It too has glamor. Amid its insane complexities, only the gambler can hope to keep his sanity. The hours are exhausting: Lockheed's Robert Gross sleeps only five hours a night. But in one respect the outlook for the missile business is less gratifying than the military airplane business which it is superseding. There promises to be less money in it, and since the airplane magnates have complained that there never was enough money in those old-fashioned vehicles, the prospect is dolorous.

The transition from aircraft to missiles is attended by convulsions reminiscent of the change-over from silent to sound movies. The same rear-guard actions are being fought, but with greater desperation, for more is at stake. The airplane industry and the Air Force are making a stand on the near side of the "missile gap," that terrifying hiatus of the technological soothsayers during which the Soviets will have a much larger arsenal of long-range missiles than the United States. But the Air Force and its contractors will save us. In the 1960 budget they have inserted a modest request for two more wings of B-52 bombers, comprising 100 aircraft at \$10 million apiece, or \$1 billion for the aircraft alone. All in all, the missile gap won't be too bad for the manufacturers, if the Air Force has its way. And, by coincidence, the length of the missile gap is just about the time required for the airframe manufacturers to convert to missile manufacture.

Yet, from the far side of the missile gap, stretching on over the endless vistas of the cold war, the airmen and their suppliers alike may look back on the 1950s with nostalgia. Aircraft must be flown, and men and money are needed to fly them. The spare parts alone keep many a supplier alive. In the whole history of war-

fare nothing comparable to the airplane has ever been invented to facilitate military empire-building and a second and more lucrative career for the emperor when he decides to retire. Missiles are less attractive in all these respects. They obsolesce only slowly, and, as everyone knows, obsolescence is the heart of profit in all branches of durable-goods production. In a sense a missile never becomes obsolete. It may be slow, but ten years hence a well-aimed Atlas could still wipe out a city. It can sit there for years, waiting to be fired, and in the meantime the manufacturer, also waiting, can go to the wall. Even when he is called on to do his patriotic duty, there may be less for him to do, since bombers require a tremendous "over-kill" capacity to make up for attrition by the enemy offense and defense, while a few hundred or at most a few thousand long-range missiles will guarantee complete destruction on both sides. While there is death there is hope, but the military man and his brother in industry may be enjoying their best days right now.

## The Fifty-First State

Sooner or later Hawaii will be admitted to the Union as the fiftieth state and, by current signs and portents, probably sooner than later. Will there then be other applicants? Puerto Rico, of course, is a possibility but the Puerto Ricans appear to be fairly well satisfied with their anomalous status. An odd but entirely logical next applicant, if nations followed a strict calculus of economic self-interest, would be Great Britain, as two recent incidents suggest.

A British firm's bid to provide the turbines for the Greer's Ferry Dam project in Arkansas was rejected, although it was 19 per cent lower than the bid of the Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton Corporation of Philadelphia, which was awarded the contract. Moreover, the British bid was turned down in a manner that even Mr. Dulles concedes was not as "smooth" as might have been desirable. The procedure was as follows: the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization was induced to make a finding that considerations of "national security" required that the British bid should be rejected. Specifically, if the contract were awarded to the British firm — so the rationalization went — the domestic productive capacity for making turbines of this character "would be reduced to a level inadequate for emergency requirements." What distressed Mr. Dulles about this fancy double talk — and well it might — is the circumstance that the "national security" finding was not made until *after* the bids were opened. Nor was it very "smooth" that announcement of the rejection should have come from Pennsylvania Senator Hugh Scott, who said that the word had come to him directly from the White House. *The Wall Street Journal*, which cannot rationally be accused of bias against Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton, bluntly

states the only tenable conclusion: "The real reason for the decision appears to lie in Pennsylvania politics." The contract itself was not important — \$1,750,000 for two hydraulic turbines — but the British had exactly the same experience with low bids for electrical equipment on American public projects in 1953, 1954 and 1956. After a time, even the most obdurate low-bidders can become discouraged.

Then consider the successful recent raid by which Reynolds Metal Company, in alliance with Tube Investments, Ltd., of London, acquired control of the British Aluminium Corporation, Britain's only aluminum producer and a leading fabricator of semi-finished aluminum products. Nor is this the only case in which the British have lost control of a key resource to American interests; not long ago, for example, the Texas Oil Company bought out control of Britain's important oil holdings in Trinidad.

Unlike the Greer's Ferry Dam incident, there is no implication of unfairness in the putsch by which Reynolds Metal acquired control of British Aluminium. The company needed huge capital funds badly and certain large shareholders elected to make a profit by selling their shares at an inflated price. Indeed it may well be that British Aluminium will yield larger returns to the British public in the form of wages, taxes and dividends, under the new management than under the old. But if British firms are to be unfairly jockeyed out of low bids, as in the case of the turbines, and if, at the same time, effective control of significant British industrial enterprises is to pass to American firms, then the British should seek admission to the Union in sheer economic self-protection. If Britain were represented in Washington by two Senators and a large congressional delegation it might be able to protect its economic interests more effectively than through an ambassador.

## Disarmament Can't Wait

Sir Robert Watson-Watt, who revolutionized the art of warfare by devising a workable radar system in the nick of time before Hitler's major onslaught, ascribes his success to what he calls the "Cult of the Imperfect."

"Give them the third best to go on with," he advises. "The second best comes too late, the best never comes." These words might be addressed to the obstructionists who demand a foolproof, all-encompassing detection system before they will consider an end to nuclear testing.

The obstructionists are not all on the technological side, nor are they all Americans. The Soviet negotiators are clearly wrong in their insistence on a preponderance of Soviet experts at detection stations within the Soviet Union, of American experts at American detection stations, etc. The Soviets should accede to the American proposal that there be equal representation of East and West at the control points of both sides.

The difficulties raised by the Atomic Energy Commission and the Defense Department are, however, more serious. Both have been and remain opposed to any test ban at all. Their latest argument is that small underground explosions might be undetectable. What of it? As the Federation of American Scientists points out, the vital necessity is to avoid a nuclear war by stopping the arms race. A cessation of nuclear testing is not a major step toward disarmament, but it is a first step, and the only one East and West have been able to approach seriously. A failure in this effort will not only result in further poisoning of the atmosphere, but give non-members of the atomic club a chance to force their way in. When every would-be aggressor has his atomic arsenal, the chances of averting the holocaust will be far smaller than they are now.

The initial detection system is bound to be imperfect — as imperfect as the first steam engine, the first electric telegraph, the first atomic bomb. In no other field has technological imperfection ever been made a pretext for not trying. The attitude of Jay Orear, associate professor of physics at Cornell, is in the sound tradition of making a start with the means at hand and improving the machinery in operational use. It is unnecessary, he points out, to have a vast network of manned seismographs to detect underground explosions. Unmanned slave stations could eventually be set up which would telemeter their data to master control stations. This is already done in numerous industries; the president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company says the time is fast approaching when more data of this sort will be transmitted over the telephone network than direct visual and auditory information. Only let a start be made, and the problems will shrink in proportion to the effort applied to their solution.

### Gracious George

During a dinner at which he became an honorary son of Fordham University, Vice President Nixon delivered himself of some unimpeachable sentiments. "We should always be courteous," he told the assembled alumni, "but we should never be soft. We should never be fawning." This was Mr. Nixon in his familiar role as a boy scout emeritus. But Mr. Nixon also found material for another homily, this one addressed to the native capitalists whose hospitality Mr. Mikoyan had enjoyed. "I do not agree," he said, "with those who criticize our businessmen and bankers for entertaining Mr. Mikoyan at lunch or dinner. But I would respectfully suggest that some of them in this instance could learn a lesson from our labor leaders who had to fight to expel Communists from their unions and in the process learned how to deal with them." Apparently he was suggesting that if they could not go as far as George Meany, who rejected any intercourse whatsoever with the bloody murderer, the

bankers and businessmen should have thrown Mikoyan to the Hungarians before he could fully consume his dinner.

It must come as a surprise to blunt, outspoken George Meany to find himself thus applauded for his manners and diplomatic tact by such an impeccable arbiter in those matters as the Vice President. And it must come as something of a shock to the Ivy League-trained business executives who congregate in America's plush luncheon clubs — and who, incidentally, have been appealed to more than once by Mr. Nixon for campaign contributions — to learn that George Meany's ideas of the way to receive a visiting foreign dignitary should be their model. That Meany can teach them much with respect to negotiations they have known for a long time, but that the Vice President should believe that Meany surpasses them in the area of courtesy — or in this instance discourtesy — is too much for good Republicans to tolerate.

### No Angels Encountered

It now becomes known that the impulse behind the Russian exploration of space was at least incidentally theological. Y. T. Fadeyev, head of the scientific-atheistic section of the magazine, *Science and Life*, has explained in a recent broadcast over Moscow radio that the artificial planet now in orbit convincingly disposes of the notion of God.

Mr. Fadeyev's argument has two prongs: 1. No satellite thus far launched has encountered an angel; 2. an omnipotent God (and a God less than omnipotent is scarcely conceivable) would never permit this impudent invasion of his territory. Mr. Fadeyev, it can be seen from this, approaches religious matters in the context of the cold war.

This little tale is somehow disproportionately heartening. We are so accustomed to being told that the Russians are the infallible logicians of total power that it is pleasant to discover they have their own share of human idiocy.

### Arthur Eggleston

At a time when journalistic integrity is as rare as it is sorely needed in the American press, the death of Arthur Eggleston of cancer at 59 is more than a personal loss. A newspaperman for more than a quarter of a century and the son of a crusading editor closely associated with Lincoln Steffens, Eggleston was a link to our liberal journalistic past. Readers of *The Nation* will recall his occasional pieces on labor, which was his special area of interest. Those on the West Coast will remember his daily labor column in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the first of its kind to appear in a large metropolitan paper. It was a model of clarity and courage at a time when employers were telling the public

that San Francisco would become a "ghost town" if they had to deal with the CIO, then in the process of organizing. This contribution to honest journalism was rewarded when Eggleston was named one of the first Nieman Fellows at Harvard. During the war years he served with the Overseas Branch of the OWI in New York and London. Later he became head of the Information Control Branch of the Army of Occupation in

Germany, where his task was the re-establishment of a free press in a democratic society. A sad measure of his success is the fact that during the very week of Eggleston's death it was announced that all restrictions on the reconstitution of the Krupp cartel had been lifted, in effect wiping out the last vestiges of Allied efforts to de-Nazify German industry. Even sadder is the fact that the American press looked the other way.

## WHITE-COLLAR EXPLOSION . . by Reece McGee

*In "White-Collar Labor," which appeared in last week's Nation, Bernard Karsh of the University of Illinois discussed some of the effects of the technological revolution on the American labor movement. In the following article, a University of Texas sociologist discusses broader aspects of this revolution, relating it not only to the labor scene, but also to current social, political and economic patterns of American society. In an early issue we shall publish an essay on "the new rich," relating to the same broad shift in economic balance.*

*Mr. McGee is co-author, with Theodore Caplow, of The Academic Marketplace.—Ed.*

THE UNITED STATES is experiencing a revolution which will occasion changes as fundamental in the social, political and economic structures of life on the North American continent as did the Industrial Revolution. That it is a quiet one, and that its origins and implications are not yet entirely clear, do not affect this dictum in the slightest. It is a revolution in class structure, and its roots lie in the changed composition of the American labor force.

Peter F. Drucker has called this change, "The Rise of the Salaried Middle Class." In a recent article in *The Listener*, he points out that this class (the "professional, technical, and managerial" class, as opposed to the "white-collar" parent group from which it springs, and which includes clerical and sales persons), has become our largest working group. This is indeed a fundamental change in American working life, which was dominated first by farmers and, until lately, by industrial labor.

The Second World War, with its forced relocations and expansions in

American technology and consequent "managerial revolution," might be said to have been the midwife of the group. (It was fathered by the Industrial Revolution and brought to birth by the First World War.) By the end of that (second) war, it had already attained some size. Since that time, industrial production in the United States has doubled and the size of the non-agricultural labor force has increased by about 30 per cent. In the same period, the size of the "professional, technical, and managerial" labor force has increased by approximately two-thirds, while the manual labor force required to sustain the nation's double production has remained relatively stationary in size. And all present indications seem to point to a further acceleration of these trends. The new "salaried middle class" now comprises roughly 8 per cent of the nation's total population and almost 20 per cent of its working force.

Andrew Hacker, of the Department of Government at Cornell University, notes that "It is the large national corporation, more than any other single social institution, that has brought about this middle-class explosion." In addition to its large size, the emergent middle class also has the characteristic of being *national* in scope; its members follow the corporations' marching orders to all parts of the country. Perhaps as a correlative of its size and transiency is the peculiar fact that it is largely propertyless. Though this is a middle-class nation in a truer sense than was Britain when Napoleon uttered his famous remark about the "nation of shopkeepers," the American middle class no longer stands on the

foundation of property traditionally associated with its political significance.

This new, salaried middle class is now the largest single productively-employed occupational grouping in the United States, and it will continue to increase in size. It is composed of persons in professional, technical and managerial positions, few of them self-employed. It is an intellectual class in that its members are usually employed for the services they offer, and these services involve primarily the manipulation of ideas and abstract concepts rather than machines or materials. Many of the manipulative techniques are learned in schools; it is a highly educated class. Due to its size and its intellectual influence (on education, on the mass media, on trends in the production and consumption of goods), it has come to characterize much of contemporary American urban life. It is, in fact, probably responsible in part for this country's increasingly rapid urbanization.

ONE OF THE most obvious immediate effects of the sudden growth of the salaried middle class has been upon the working population, and it is not surprising that the labor movement has become increasingly aware of it. The white-collar worker in this country has always been hard to unionize, and his appearance as a dominant body in the working population is viewed as a crisis by many labor advocates. Even more instructive than the over-all numerical gains registered by the white-collar over the blue-collar workers are the rates of change of some of the groups within the two broad categories.

Everett M. Kasselow, AFL-CIO research director, notes:

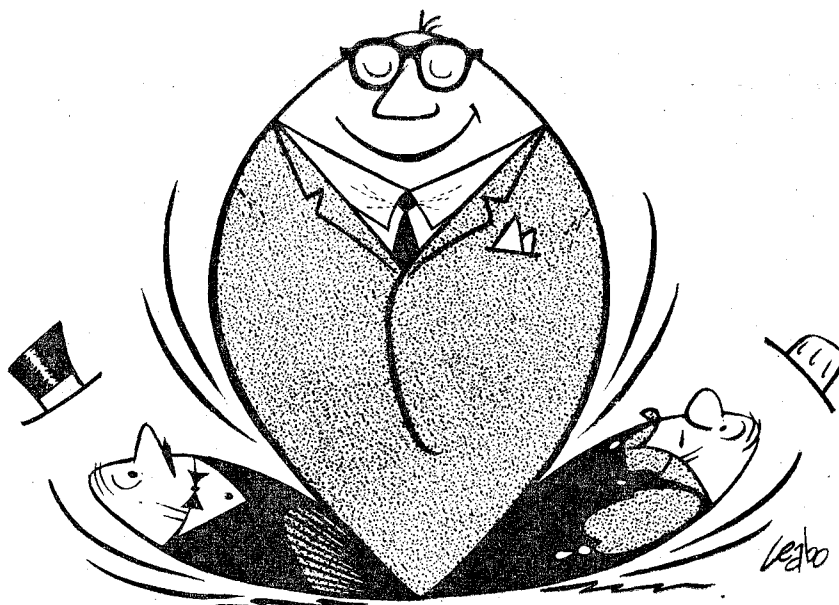
Between 1947 and 1957, professional and technical workers increased at a rate of 60.6 per cent and the clerical workers increased by 22.8 per cent; during the same period the number of factory operatives increased 4.4 per cent while the number of laborers went up only 4.1 per cent. . . .

Given the trends of recent years . . . the organization of the non-blue-collar worker takes on an almost life and death character for the American labor movement.

But these forecasts, forward-looking though they may be, do not fully appreciate the impact which the revolutionary shift in class structure will have upon American labor. Given that it is the professional, technical and managerial classes of the working force which are now expanding so significantly, and given that it is precisely these workers who have always most strongly resisted unionization, and given that productivity in this country continues to increase while the manual labor force remains stable in size or even decreases, it is entirely possible that the industrial unions—which have been responsible for much of the dynamism of the American labor movement—will decline, and that unionism will become a reactionary defender of past privileges rather than a harbinger of the future.

There seems no reason to believe that an increase in their numbers will change the white-collar workers' somewhat intransigent attitude toward unionism. It is always possible, of course, that the labor movement will be able to develop a new appeal, founded on radically different assumptions, which will serve to enlist white-collar workers in the way in which the old appeal enrolled the blue; in the absence of any such new appeal at the present time, I can foresee no great middle-class swing toward union membership.

The economy of the United States, as well as its labor force and its trade unions, may also be exposed to some radical changes as a result of the impact of the emergent salaried middle class. Drucker points out that some aspects of this change have already begun to be felt. One of the peculiar



and altogether new facts of the recession of 1957-58 was that while production in three of the central industries of the American economy (automobiles, home-appliances, steel) dropped 40-50 per cent in seven months, consumption dropped hardly at all, and even employment dropped much more slowly than production.

This is in part explicable by the fact that a large proportion of the labor force in these industries has come to be "professional, technical, and managerial." Assembly-line workers in heavy industry can be laid off at relatively short notice with little effect upon the industry's production capacity. This is not true of the highly skilled and ultimately necessary designers, engineers and research scientists, some of whom may be working on models which are two to four years ahead of production. What has happened is that the salaried middle class is rapidly becoming a new factor in the equation of the theoretical economist. There was a time when the teacher, and a few others in like occupations, were the only persons not significantly affected by short-run economic fluctuations. But today 20 per cent of the working force now falls into this category. This would seem to assure a certain degree of stability in the economy, a capacity to "bounce back" from short-run downturns; it simultaneously assures a sharp reduction in profit and capital expenditure as businesses meet payrolls for

people who cannot be laid off at short notice during a recession. Traditional economic theories are based on the assumption that the vast majority of the labor force will be industrial laborers; I know of no way in which these theories can be made to fit a future labor force which will no longer be primarily industrial.

I SAID earlier that the salaried middle class was a highly educated group. An ever-increasing proportion of the working population is receiving education beyond the twelve years encompassed by the elementary and secondary systems. Some of the effects of these facts are already visible, but their most significant impacts will probably be social and cultural, and can only be conjectured. One of the already apparent results is the speed with which it has been possible to introduce automation into the United States. For automation means not only the replacement of men by machines, but also the replacement of manual labor by different, more sophisticated skills which require greater education. In another twenty years the worker without formal training beyond the high-school level will be a rarity. What effect this will have upon American technology and productive processes can only be imagined. Certainly the industrial planner and personnel manager will have to make some new assumptions about the ways of dealing with, and planning for, a labor force of this nature. And since the educated

worker does not, as a rule, look forward to manual labor, no matter how highly skilled or rewarded, this too may demand a new economics of investment and profit. The assembly line is becoming socially obsolete.

It is also apparent that higher education in the United States is badly in need of overhaul in the service of this new demand for college training. Already strained and creaking, with one of every three young people of college age going to college, institutions of higher learning seem likely to collapse entirely unless educators can either devise new systems of teaching *as we know it*, or else invent an entirely different set of assumptions about what education is and does. Technical innovations, such as educational television, are essentially stop-gap measures, and will not suffice to carry the colleges through the crisis. If more flexible and ingenious theories of education and of college administration cannot be invented, it may well happen that the colleges will become essentially custodial in their functions, as many secondary systems already are.

It is difficult to imagine what results will flow from a population which is largely college-educated. We know that education is related to such biological phenomena as birth, morbidity and mortality rates; its effects on such social phenomena as religious behavior, consumption and housing patterns, uses of leisure, etc., are less well known but unquestionably significant. Even such ecological phenomena as the sprawling growth of our giant "super-cities" are related to it; people educated to cultural tastes seek a graceful way of life in ruralized suburban surroundings.

AMERICAN political behavior, too, may be expected to show some changes in response to the rise of this new middle class. As Riesman points out, to many of its members politics have become items of consumption—rather like hi-fi sets—and people are judged by their abilities and tastes in political "consumership." This is to say that one segment of the salaried middle class is essentially apathetic politically, and its members will consume whatever brand

of politics is offered to them in much the same way in which they consume cigarettes. They are influenced primarily in this consumption—since they are apathetic to the essential product—by the glamor with which it is endowed by the mass media. "The mass media act as a kind of barker for the political show. They have discovered a sovereign remedy, glamor, to combat the danger of indifference. . . ." (David Riesman, *The Lonely Crowd*.) Political participation by this group is largely restricted to the most publicized elections. Its members are likely to substitute civic activities—in the United Fund or civic-betterment societies, for example—for active interest in politics.

One reason, of course, for this is the transiency of the group. Its members move so much and so often that they are frequently not eligible to vote in the place of their residence at the time of an election. Another reason may lie in their corporate connections, which active political participation might jeopardize. (But corporations encourage civic activities as good for public relations.)

This renunciation of political participation by a significant segment of the middle class, which has always played an important role in American politics, quite clearly will have some fundamental effects. Hacker points some of them out. It will be apt, first, to create a vacuum in political leadership (already apparent in the integration crisis in the South, where the moderates, who are probably in the political majority, have been to some extent not only silenced, but disenfranchised, by the politically active extremists). Second, emerging with the new class is the phenomenon of "corporate citizenship" noted by William F. Whyte when he says that his Organization Man not only *works for* the corporation, but *belongs to* it as well. The corporation is essentially an oligarchic system, not a democratic one, and its members have little voice in its governance. It is responsible for them, but not accountable to them. As Hacker puts it, a zoo keeper does not represent the seals because he responds to their need for fish.

Third, insofar as the salaried middle class is representative of the corporation in America, corporate interests are replacing the citizens' interests in government; and as the corporation gives its employees a psychological "community" to identify with, and an immunity from the politics of the national community, it has itself obtained even more direct access to the political parties and the government. Corporate interests in government have become real interests in the Madisonian sense.

BUT perhaps the most important political result of the emergence of the salaried middle class flows from the political estrangement displayed by many of its members. This effect might almost be termed the progressive disengagement of the American public from active participation in the decision-making processes of their government. Increasingly, American citizens are being forbidden to participate in, or even to know about, important decisions made by their elected representatives. Significantly, the disengagement has occurred largely without public protest and, indeed, with the active approval of some segments of the population. Some protests have been registered throughout the post-war period. *The Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* carried on the campaign for a while. (See also Rexford G. Tugwell, *A Chronicle of Jeopardy*, and C. Wright Mills, *The Causes of World War III*.) American foreign and military policies are only the most obvious illustrations; the "Executive decision," the "closed-door session" and the trappings of "security" affect other areas as well. These manifestations of political paranoia are not, of course, solely the result of the emergence of a salaried middle class; but it may be that without it, and the peculiar political characteristics of some of its members, the manifestations would not have occurred as they did and still do.

Not all, perhaps not even most, of the new class is politically apathetic. The last Congressional elections indicate that a great many of its members went to the polls. The election results may also indicate

catastrophe for traditional party machinery, for some of the same people who produced last November's Democratic landslide unquestionably helped to produce the Eisenhower majorities of the last two Presidential elections. What this means is that many of the educated, voting members of the salaried middle class are basically political independents who vote for specific men and issues rather than for the straight party ticket. And this means that they cannot be counted on to go to the polls in any given election, or to produce any specified political re-

sult for a given candidate if they do go. It probably also accounts for the kind of candidate whom voters have seemed to approve in recent elections: young, genial and mildly liberal.

It is necessary, however, to enter a caveat here. The new middle class is new, and we do not as yet really know much about it. It is dangerous, therefore, to make predictions, especially political predictions, about its behavior, particularly in view of the fact that most of its members are young, the products of a "boom" generation who have never directly

experienced hard times. How they would behave if the society which has, generally speaking, been so good to them, should turn upon them in some great economic or political upheaval, we cannot hope to know. It might be well to recall that some of the earliest support for the Nazi movement was recruited during a depression from German members of this same class.

The coming revolution in American class structure, like a glacier in motion, will inexorably modify our familiar landscape—perhaps into altogether new configurations.

## CANADA SHELVES THE ARROW . . by Harold Greer

*Ottawa*

ONE MORNING before breakfast last September, Prime Minister John Diefenbaker fished, thought and scribbled in a rowboat on Harrington Lake in the Gatineau Hills north of Ottawa. The fishing was so-so, but the meditation was dynamic: Diefenbaker was drafting a statement to scrap the Avro Arrow, a supersonic interceptor finally ready for production after over five years and almost \$400,000,000 had been spent on its development.

As the Prime Minister well knew, the CF-105 Arrow was not just another airplane. For the Royal Canadian Air Force and the Canadian aircraft industry, it was *the* airplane—the one domestic contribution which spelled "Canada" in the ever-growing subordination ("integration" is the official term) of this country's defense establishment to the nuclear strategy of the United States.

Unlike the Canadian Army and Navy, whose contributions to the pool of Western collective security must inevitably be numerically small, the RCAF has enjoyed a relatively independent and self-supporting role. Its air division in Europe is considered by Gen. Lauris Norstad to be the mainstay of NATO's air defenses. It operates its own air materiel air-

lift from Canada, its own microwave communications and its own radar warning system in Europe. Similarly, the RCAF Air Defense Command at home has been able to provide a reasonably adequate interceptor defense without importing U.S. squadrons (the U.S. interceptors in Labrador and Newfoundland are there under a wartime, 99-year lease arrangement which Canada honored when Newfoundland confederated in 1949).

For air-minded Canadians, this RCAF autonomy has been a healthy antidote to the top-heavy American participation in the other aspects of continental air defense. The United States built and operates well over half of the northern radar warning system, and was last year granted rights to build Strategic Air Command refueling bases at four northern airstrips, thus turning them for all practical purposes into potential nuclear targets.

But it has long been realized here that the RCAF's free-wheeling role could not go on forever. The turning-point, it was thought, would come when the United States had completed the SAGE electronic warning and guidance grid and the question of improving it (that is, extending it into Canada) would arise.

The Arrow was specifically designed to meet Canada's need for a fast, long-range interceptor. Its

flight tests showed it would be able to go 2,000 miles, hit 2,000 miles per hour. But it was also horribly expensive (it weighs thirty-four tons). The introduction of SAGE into Canada would permit the building of guided-missile bases in northern Ontario and Quebec, firing Bomarc missiles at about \$250,000 each, compared to an original estimate of \$4,500,000 per Arrow.

The RCAF, however, continued to insist it needed the Arrow. The homing guidance of the Bomarc, it was argued, could be easily spoofed by enemy counter-electronic measures, while the two-man interceptor could avoid jamming by switching radar frequencies. In addition, only the manned interceptor could identify unknown aircraft: with the guided missile, there were only two alternatives—either destroy the unknown or take a chance and let it through the defense system.

There were other factors to consider as John Diefenbaker fished and mulled over the problem. Canada's defense spending has been slowly but steadily declining over the past six years, yet the federal budget faced a \$1 billion deficit by March 31; taxes would almost certainly have to be increased just to maintain the present pace. It looked as if Canada were being priced out of the arms race. On the other hand, the aircraft industry employed 42,000 workers

*HAROLD GREER is a staff member of the Toronto Globe and Mail.*

*February 7, 1959*

directly; interceptor airframes and engines had been its big product for almost ten years.

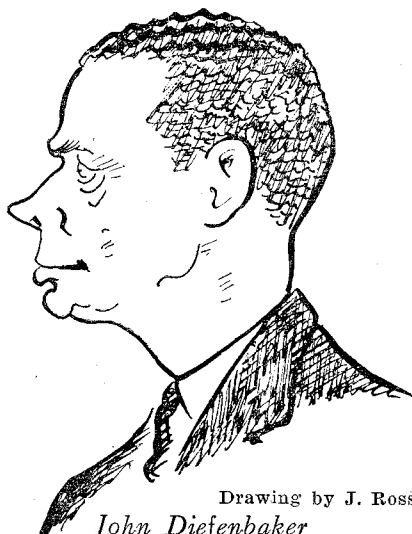
It was not surprising, therefore, that Diefenbaker's announcement a few days later turned out to be a masterpiece of political pole-balancing, plainly slanted against the Arrow but not so far that the political winds couldn't blow it the other way. Two initial Bomarc bases, the Prime Minister said, would be built, and SAGE would be introduced. Final decision on the Arrow was delayed to March.

THERE were three main reasons for Diefenbaker's refusal to make an irrevocable decision: cancellation would have materially increased Canada's severe winter unemployment; the Government was not sure what the country wanted; and the Government was not sure what the military have been up to and where its defense policy is leading it.

The public is confused and apprehensive on the defense question, while the military have had a field day—as Diefenbaker discovered soon after he took power in June, 1957. Confronted with a Chiefs of Staff recommendation that Canada establish a joint North American Air Defense Command (NORAD) with the United States at Colorado Springs, Colo., he quickly approved, thinking the matter a logical development of past events. So routine did the Prime Minister view the matter that he never bothered to consult the Cabinet or even to inform the Department of External Affairs.

He soon discovered there were strange, even sinister, aspects to the affair. It turned out that the NORAD negotiations had all been handled in secret by the military. More important, it developed that NORAD provided not just for co-ordination, but for integration, of Canada's air defense with that of the United States on the basis of a "concept of air defense" which meant, if it meant anything at all, that the purpose of the RCAF was no longer to guard Canadian skies and cities, but to protect the SAC retaliatory bases to the south.

Canada had got into this arrangement without public or parliamentary approval, without knowing what



it was getting in return, and without knowing how the costs and responsibilities of the new concept were to be divided. Relations between the Government and its military advisers have been strained ever since.

It is clear that Canada can never get back what it gave away in the NORAD agreement. The best deal would have been to trade Canadian assent to the agreement for U.S. purchase of the Arrow. But with NORAD signed and sealed, Washington has bluntly turned the Arrow down, and the Pentagon is expediting work on North American's hypersonic, chemical-fueled F-108. Ottawa's unannounced intention, politics permitting, is to scrap the Arrow and wait for the F-108, whose 1,000-mile range and supplementary self-radar make it a reasonable compromise between RCAF and SAGE requirements.

Meanwhile, Ottawa is driving a hard bargain on costs of the new SAGE and the Bomarc bases, throwing a tight rein around its brass hats, and trying to figure out where it is going on defense.

THE GOVERNMENT knows—or is quickly finding out—that the Arrow is but the focal point of a much larger problem. The erection of a defense against the ICBM is only beginning. With NATO relying more and more on nuclear weapons, Ottawa has been told, Canada must either conform or withdraw.

All this will cost so much more that the one-third which Ottawa allocates to defense (between \$1.6

and \$2 billion) will seem like a drop in the bucket. Canadian officials know better than to assume the United States will simply make up the balance. Washington will help but its own budget problems—to say nothing of its Atomic Energy Act—require that it retain the power of decision affecting not only policy but weapons, tactics, production and all the things that go into a defense structure. Canada, of course, could afford to spend more, but the Government is not at all sure it should.

The plain fact is that, after almost ten years of collective security, Canadians do not like what they see. Ever since World War II, the paramount purpose of Canadian arm has been to prevent nuclear-war situations from developing. Canada sent a large contingent to Korea in order to turn what was essentially an American operation there into a U.N. operation, and thereby keep the action limited. It joined and contributed to NATO rather than have the Western Alliance rely solely on nuclear retaliation. In Kashmir, Palestine, Indo-China and Suez, Canadian forces have been the mainstay of pacifying, supervising and policing actions. Now Canadians find themselves virtually committed to nuclear war—to protecting the deterrent at home and to participating in an alliance which will have no alternative but to use it if attacked in Europe.

It is not that Ottawa feels the deterrent can be dispensed with. But whereas the United States believe in the inevitability of a Soviet attack if Russia ever gains a decisive offensive superiority, most Canadians do not. They feel rather that an attack will result only from such deterioration in international conditions that war will appear inevitable whereupon either side will seize whatever advantage there may be in striking first. To put it bluntly, a nation which considered intervening in Indo-China with atomic bombs which was willing to risk world war over Quemoy, and which looks upon nuclear explosions as "conventional weapons, does not command the confidence which the integration of Canadian arms into the American system requires.

Canadians looked upon collective security as an avenue to negotiation and settlement of political problems. They still do. Instead, they find a massive opposition to that "disengagement" which, in Ottawa's view, is the only logical political corollary to military reliance on the nuclear weapon.

Only the most profound optimism would predict that Ottawa will find a way to use Canadian arms in support of Canadian aspirations. One possibility is that Canadian forces be placed primarily at the disposal of the U.N. It is an idea which appeals to Liberal leader Lester Pearson, as well as to External Affairs

Minister Sidney Smith—or did until lack of support for a U.N. peace force at last fall's General Assembly forced him to shelve it.

Unless that idea can be revived, it would appear that Canadians have no alternative but to go down the nuclear highway, hoping to back-seat drive and praying for the best.

## CIRCULATION UNLIMITED . . by Carl E. Lindstrom

THE CUSTOMER is rapidly losing his freedom of choice—whether he buys food, clothing or newspapers. When a suburban housewife sought to replace what she calls cottage type curtains, she learned that the only available kind was "cafe style" (whatever that may be). Scrapple, once to be had nearly everywhere, has retreated to the citadel of Philadelphia. What comes to market these days is the article that is convenient and profitable for the producer to make and handle—which is usually, though not necessarily, the article that is convenient and profitable for the retailer to handle.

To labor the point, a well-worn pair of gray dress gloves needed to be replaced. A visit to three established haberdashers, who pride themselves on quality and services, yielded an identical style—welted seams and flared cuffs—not usually associated with dress gloves. Styles change, of course, and we must change with them, but the reason given was startling. The clerk in the third store explained: "You see, they take a survey and find out what the average man wants, and that's what they make." The compulsion is to be average, to be neuter.

The phenomenon that some of the best newspapers (if there can be a criterion) are published in monopoly cities need not be puzzling. Alone in a given community, an owner can play cards with whatever deck he

chooses; in competition he must use the same deck that is dealt to the opposition. If he is competent to run a newspaper at all, he knows what constitutes a good newspaper, a responsible one. He is stupid if he doesn't make it the best newspaper he knows how to create.

The very situation creates in him a conscience, even if he never had one before. A non-imbibing man at the wheel of a car carrying passengers home from a testimonial dinner has a much greater sense of responsibility if he knows that he alone is competent to drive.

I once heard two managing editors of newspapers in competitive territory admit that the things they liked least about their own papers were the direct result of competition. Each had run a picture, in a recent issue, of the facade of a newly opened store, in which there was only slight reader interest, merely because the advertising salesmen were out after new business. If one paper had not printed the vapid picture, the other would have.

Newspaper competition is obviously competition for the dollar. Dollar competition takes the route of circulation competition, since the one is dependent upon the other. This has crystallized the doctrine of Circulation Unlimited. There is, it is supposed, no such thing as enough circulation, no such thing as the saturation point. If the area is saturated, the problem is to find new areas. We are all involved in a mass-production economy, and it is too much to hope that journalism could escape its effect and implications.

It means that the press must find

out, as industry did, what the average man wants. If there is no average man, we must create him. We must see to it also that what the average man wants is the thing that it is convenient for newspapers to manufacture and to merchandise.

The tragedy is that this process is not impossible; it is not even very difficult. Wishes wither if they are never nourished. The man who did not want a garish two-tone car which is longer than his garage, presently ceased to want any other kind because it was impossible for him to acquire the kind he had in mind.

But in the area of journalism, we face the hard fact that it is impossible to create a newspaper to satisfy the taste of the entire population of a city of even a hundred thousand. There is no such thing as the average newspaper reader, and any survey which pretends to find him deceives itself.

It is possible to draw a pretty good silhouette, if not a portrait, of a reader of *The New Yorker*. The original prospectus put it negatively by saying it was not addressed to the Old Lady in Dubuque. The editors of *The Saturday Evening Post* must have a fair idea of the mental frontiers of *Post* readers. They might even recognize them on the street, even if only to see their people "walking as trees."

No newspaper editor has the slightest conception of what his average reader looks like or what he wants. Since there is something in the paper for everybody, it is theoretically possible to get everybody's subscription.

There is, however, no way of

CARL E. LINDSTROM, after forty-one years in journalism, retired last month as executive editor of *The Hartford Times* to teach journalism at the University of Michigan.

February 7, 1959

knowing who reads what, surveys to the contrary notwithstanding. While nearly everybody gets to the comic page with a greater or lesser degree of engrossment, and while it is likely that readers of "Pogo" are probably not *aficionados* of "The Phantom" or "Joe Palooka," yet to seem to know who reads what is sheer pretense. That is only one part of the newspaper. Experience with the rest of it can hardly be any more precise. The newspaper published on the principle of Circulation Unlimited must of necessity be nondescript, a *salmagundi*.

The cost of publishing any kind of daily newspaper in the present technology is so high that, in order to exist at all, the ultimate in circulation must be achieved. One might postulate a man with sufficient capital sitting down quietly with his thoughts and speculating: "In this city of 100,000 population there are about 10,000 souls of a mentality and taste that I think I could satisfy. For these I shall publish a newspaper, and for no others." But such a venture would not be successful, according to the experts whose theories are failing as rapidly as only expert theories can.

Thus we all read the same kind of newspapers because that is the best kind for the most people; and it takes the most people to provide any kind of newspaper at all, just as we buy the same kinds of prepared foods and are denied the kinds it is not convenient for the manufacturer and the handler to give us.

The customer is always right—provided he likes it our way. The argot, however, sounds much as it did half a century ago. "The customer is king," it was generally agreed—according to *Editor & Publisher*—at the Chicago *Tribune's* eighth annual Forum on Distribu-

tion and Advertising. The customer is a very docile king and he wears his crown the way he is told, as he waits in the queue at the supermarket.

The changed American newspaper is not the result of arbitrary pattern-making. It has been a survival expedient. In the past fifty years, 1,000 American dailies have either died or lost their identity through merger. Even with this much-reduced field, life is not easy. In no other business, where so much money is made, is existence so precarious. It is cruelly competitive, but its competition now comes largely from other media of communication, mainly electronic. Broadcasting has had as vital an effect upon journalism as it has upon the entertainment business. Newspapers are still basic as a communications channel, and for entertainment, too; and the wonder of it is that there is still so much money to be made in the field and that, with so great a stream of revenue, it should be so difficult to survive in it.

JOURNALISM is having its troubles recruiting new talent, a besetting and even sinister affliction of the crafts. Perhaps the changed newspaper is less glamorous than its raucous predecessors of half a century ago. *Advertising Age* in its issue of May 13, 1957, said editorially:

Thoughtful newspaper people, in all types of newspaper work and in all sections of the country, are coming to a realization that the newspapers of America, over the past two or three decades, have allowed an extremely precious commodity to slip through their fingers. We are referring to that extremely intangible, but nonetheless valuable commodity known as Glamor.

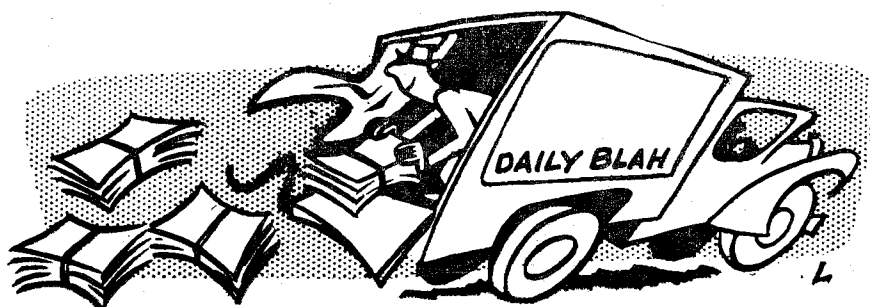
Newspapers once had a very high degree of glamor, and a very great appeal to young men and women of

more than average intelligence and interest in the world around them. Now, while certainly some of this remains, a very considerable amount has been transferred to broadcast media, and an even greater amount has simply evaporated.

Perhaps some of the glamor went out the window with the passing of personal journalism, now a low-caste phrase used to denominate an unscrupulous era of newspaper history. Actually reform did not come about through virtue, but because no newspaper could afford to appeal to only one section of the population. Personal journalism was simply that quality in an owner or editor by which you knew where you had him. Everybody knew what to expect of Colonel McCormick and a great many people cleaved to his ideas. But not all the people—and so the Chicago *Tribune* began to lose circulation. Today you must have Circulation Unlimited—all the people on your side—and personal journalism dies.

The changing times have changed newspapers. Whether we like it or not, government—even city government—is steadily drifting farther away from the people. This is because it has become so complex that the democratic process has of necessity been mortgaged to the more efficient methods of bureaucracy and directive. Politics has supposedly been banished (example: city managers), a fact which many will applaud without recognizing that this is also to banish discussion, check and balance, drama and excitement, which politics once thrived upon. The result is loss of interest on the part of the citizen and the voter. These circumstances are not remote from the facts of newspaper life at mid-century.

IF government is more remote from the people than formerly, it can truthfully be said that newspapers are closer to the community than ever before. Editors and reporters once prided themselves on the doubtful distinction of having no friends and belonging to no organizations. To have friends was to be beholden to them; to belong to an organization was to compromise one's objectivity. Today it is scarcely possible for



newsroom personnel to escape community entanglements. The newspaper lives upon the town, supporting the innumerable charity drives, hospital campaigns, cultural efforts. It is the newspaper way of life today. This all makes news—or what passes for news—not the exciting, dramatic sort of news; for good news, by its very nature, is seldom dramatic. The results then are two: an inevitable loss of independence and susceptibility to pressures; and some dissipation of the glamor.

IN TIME, newspapers will face a problem in the decline of positive literacy. People can read, but they don't. The rapid increase in visual education and visual entertainment is actually menacing. Said Robert

M. Hutchins: "It may turn out that reading is an anachronism." The *Hartford Courant* editorialized on May 25, 1957:

The nation's penchant for book-reading has sagged distressingly during the past nine years. The reasons are many. Certainly there are enough books. And the heavy flow of paperbacks has made many of the world's best titles easily available at small cost. Yet the American Institute of Public Opinion, in examining the nation's reading habits, found that only 17 per cent of the American people today are reading a book, fact or fiction.

This weak reading—the lowest proportion of any English-speaking country—is particularly lamentable in a world where the voices of propaganda are ever multiplying. A

nation of mentally alert and discerning citizens is less likely to embrace the demagogue, or the blandishments of mass media and the hidden persuaders than a nation that pauses occasionally to exercise its wits with some healthy, reading diversion.

The American press is a thriving business straining toward the ultimate dynamism of Circulation Unlimited. It has all the built-in benefits of mass production—good looks, speed which is exceeded only by electronic journalism, more power than it can use, much too big for its basic functions—in other words the precise counterpart of the American automobile. It is tremendously efficient, irreproachable, garish and, as it must be to please so many people, characterless.

## THE UNLOVED CITY . . . by Eugene Raskin

BY THIS TIME even the most die-hard reactionary is willing to admit that getting rid of our slums is a good idea. It's been a tough fight to get the idea accepted. Now we must take care that in carrying it out we do not also get rid of our cities. Because, to paraphrase the song, there's something about a city that is fine, fine, fine.

From ancient times, the city has been a lure, drawing to it constant streams of country folk eager to trade their pink-cheeked bucolic innocence for a sophisticated, metropolitan pallor. This rural-urban trend, as the sociologists call it, is still accelerating, despite some defections to the suburbs. In 1950, it was found that 64 per cent of America lives in cities, as against 39 per cent only fifty years ago. The figure is expected to reach 70 per cent by 1960.

Of course, one of the main reasons for this population shift is economic. With farm machinery boosting agricultural productivity, making fewer

farm workers necessary, and industrial employment on the rise, it is only natural that people go where the jobs are. But over and above practical considerations, people flock to the city because they just plain like it—sin, soot and all. The green hills of home may be pretty and all that, but they're mighty dull.

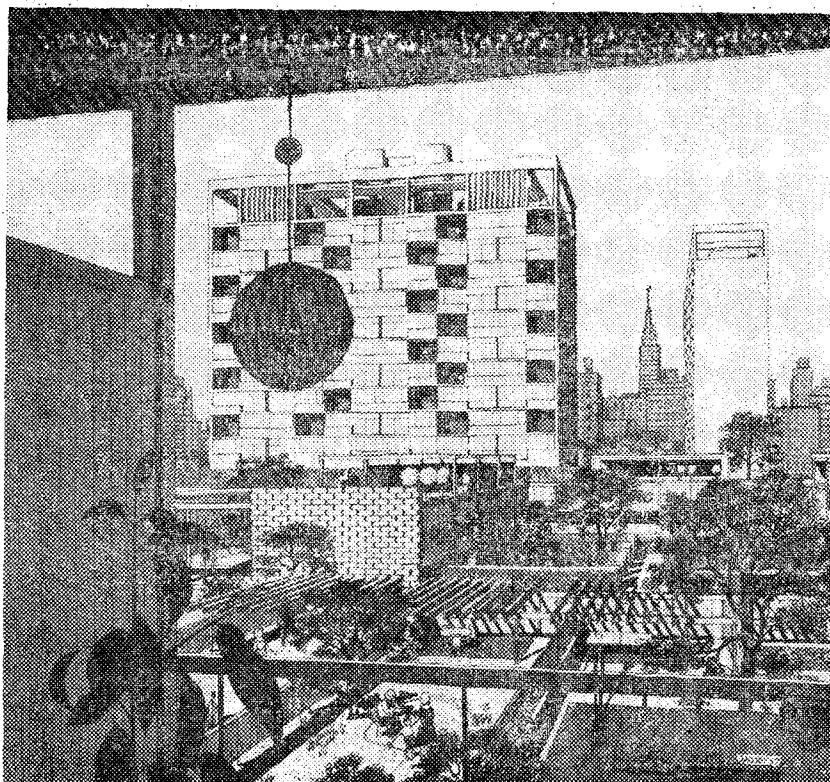
The city is exciting. Or at least it was, until the housing projects got under way. The city offers three great attractions: variety, contrast and the freedom to live any way you please. Walk through the city and you see all sorts of people—Rosie the flower woman, and the be-minked lady negotiating the hazardous passage from her limousine to the theatre lobby, a turbaned Far Easterner and a Stetsoned Far Westerner, a wise-cracking taxi driver, a dignified diplomat, a dazzling dancing girl and a bearded bohemian. You see all sorts of conveyances: pushcarts, Rolls Royces, giant trucks and tiny scooters, air liners swinging in low for their landings, and (if it's a port city) great ships hooting out their glamorous greetings. You see all kinds of shops: hot-dog stands, foreign restaurants, elegant jewelers, gypsy tea rooms, auction rooms,

violin-repair shops, enormous department stores and barber shops with one chair (always waiting). Architecturally, there is contrast, too: narrow, crooked streets; wide avenues and plazas; tall, shiny, new buildings and shabby, picturesque old ones; terrace apartments and cold-water studios; neo-Renaissance museums and all-glass banks. True, the pace of the city is killing (and so are some other of its features), but there's no denying, to make a substantial understatement, that it's interesting.

THE NEW housing projects, to make another understatement, are not interesting. It's all very well to abolish our decaying, dirty and disease-ridden slums, but large sections of our once life-throbbing metropolis are now beginning to look like salmon-colored cemeteries, memorials to the dead dreams of their codified and classified inhabitants. The latest of appliances may be built in, but whatever appeal urban living might have is carefully built out. Of variety and contrast there is none, while the freedom to live according to one's own patterns is negated by the homogeneity of the project com-

*EUGENE RASKIN, architect, writer and critic, teaches at the Columbia University School of Architecture. He is the author of Architecturally Speaking.*

February 7, 1959



Drawn by Jacobi for *The Exploding Metropolis* (Doubleday)

*Tower and Garden-Duplex Block as Projected by Architect Harry Whitney.*

munity in terms of income level and conformity of behavior regulated by the management, tenants' councils, and the sheer pressure of the environment. The whole story can be read in the faces of the young mothers (so recently shiny-eyed brides) as they stare slackly at their youngsters trying desperately to get some fun out of the halved sewer pipes that masquerade as play sculpture. Or watch the men coming home from their day's toil to file themselves away for the night. In the morning, having had their due portion of laundering, rest and affection, they will be ejected, freshly fueled with corn flakes and aggressiveness, ready for the competitive fray again. This is the machine-for-living with a vengeance. In principle, it is no different from a garage for the service and storage of taxis.

Shopping facilities are provided—supermarkets and the like—but they are standardized and impersonal. What's worse, they close on time. If you've ever found yourself out of cigarettes, in apartment 1601 of the South Wing of J building at midnight, you know what an Arctic explorer feels like when his radio

goes dead. The old farm begins to look like a pretty lively spot after all.

It is significant that the streets bordering a new housing project experience a sharp revitalization. The delicatessen may be frowzy, but old Mr. Schultz, who runs it, never seems to require sleep, and doesn't know what Sunday means. Moreover, his wife makes the potato salad—a fact which, since she is a woman of impulsive temperament, lends a touch of adventure to an otherwise prosaic purchase. Mr. Tannenbaum, who has the cigar and candy store, hasn't heard of Sunday either, and though it is rumored that numbers bets are sometimes placed in the rear of his shop, one prefers not to investigate them; it's such a warm and friendly spot. As for the Shamrock Bar and Grill—it's doing great. At their last anniversary, Mr. O'Reilly presented his wife with that long-awaited operation. In other words, the "bad" side of the street is *human* and *urban*, while the project is neither. That way lies death to the spirit, and death to the city.

It need not be thus. A recent book, *The Exploding Metropolis*, by the

editors of *Fortune*, is subtitled "A book for people who like cities and a critique of the plans of people who don't." This revealing study makes it clear that our projects are not as deadly as they are for reasons of economy or practicality, but largely because their planners are ignorant of, or indifferent to, the values of urban living. A number of architects feel that a combination tower and garden-duplex scheme would not only be much pleasanter than the standard project, but would even be less costly. Henry Whitney, a New York architect, has designed one for which "the density is seventy-five families per acre—as high as in many all-tower projects. But the open space that the high buildings need for light and air is not squandered on keep-off-the-grass malls; a third of the families have private gardens or roof terraces, and in the center of the block is a play area of grass, not asphalt, for the children."

SUCH a scheme, in its constant change of scale and view, would provide the variety and contrast which visual interest demands. More important, perhaps, it would encompass people of very different living patterns, allowing at least the possibility of the kind of heterogeneity that urban living implies. (No, no, say the housing powers. Not practical.)

Victor Gruen's plan for the redevelopment of Fort Worth's downtown center is another example. While not a housing scheme, it deals with questions of view, variety and architectural scale in a way that enhances rather than destroys the charm of the city scene. (Not practical.)

Of course, to plead practicality while destroying that which you have set out to save is an idiocy unfortunately not limited to housing. It may be encountered in many areas of our activity, domestic and international, political and military. The answer may well be the one savants and saints have propounded through the centuries: love. We will have urban housing of significance to urban dwellers when architects and planners learn to love the city, and the spirit of its people.

*The NATION*

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Threat of Culture

*CULTURE AND SOCIETY.* By Raymond Williams. Columbia University Press. 363 pp. \$5.

**Harold Rosenberg**

THE SAYING of Goering — if it was Goering — “When I hear the word ‘culture’ I reach for my revolver,” had a point. Culture can be dangerous; and while a pistol is not very effective against what the anthropologists define as “a whole way of life,” one may need a weapon to protect oneself against it. This was proved when the fat Air Marshall, fleeing Westward toward the immunity of military rank, fell into the arms of The Rights of Man.

Nazi brutality was a kind of culture, as are also Pan-Slavism and White Supremacy. Even “Cosmopolitanism” is a menace, apparently, since Soviet “Internationalism” found itself obliged to suppress it on the streets of Budapest. The record shows that a living connection exists between questions of form in poetry, discontent with conventions of the bedroom and assaults on police stations. The logic of his admiration for Renaissance art patronage led Ezra Pound to a decade behind bars.

Culture exposes its threat most openly in politics, that is, in the ideology and action through which it attempts to establish its “way” as the law for all. The effort to dominate the environment through administrative force is not restricted to revolutionary totalitarianism. Culture-politics is equally at work in Sabbath laws, the ban on polygamy, compulsory education. That each of us can fight in favor of some of these and against others, instead of being compelled to accept the “whole” handed down by authority, is an indication, not that our culture has no desire to subdue people to its aims, but that freedom counts for more in it than religion, marriage or learning. A culture that shunned the force of politics would be the “way” of a dilettante or play-actor. Contemporary writers who, frightened by radical politics, denounce ideologies in general — as Raymond Aron in *The Opium of the Intellectuals* — fail to

*HAROLD ROSENBERG's The Tradition of the New, a collection of essays on literature, art and contemporary ideas in America, will be published in March.*

comprehend that *all* values, even the most liberal, are compelled to make themselves real through ideology and political struggle. Today, with cultures pressing upon one another, the *Kulturkampf* has become the rule in politics, both domestic and foreign. An appeal to style reinforces the argument of program, or even replaces it.

When culture is its subject matter, politics involves everything and forces everyone to choose. Thus modern politics is intrinsically revolutionary. Whether it be liberal, radical, conservative, it contemplates a renovation of the common life, not merely the administration of it. To this end, it attacks the *being* of social elements which its scheme cannot absorb, and works to bring about their extinction. The result may be achieved through democratic uplift, by which paupers, aristocrats, illiterates, are transformed into educated, job-holding citizens; or through race, class or cult violence, by which “enemies of the people” are physically exterminated. Or through a combination of uplift and violence, as in Soviet “rehabilitation.”

RAYMOND WILLIAMS' *Culture and Society* is worth a library of literary and political tracts in that it digs into the ideological layers that envelop modern politics. Written from an independent Left standpoint, this critical history of the concept of culture in England from 1780 to 1950 is exactly to the point of contemporary discussions of value. Nor is its significance for the United States any the less for its being restricted to Britain, since Britain is the exclusive source of American conservatism. Williams' analysis of the social objectives of the great cultural figures of modern England should help Americans to re-evaluate a good deal of reactionary nonsense eagerly imported in wrappings of literature.

The idea of culture, Williams tells us, first appeared in England around the dawn of the Industrial Revolution. It is interesting that the word itself began to take on its modern meanings, as did such other words as “democracy,” “art,” “class,” at the very moment when it turned into a polemical instrument. From Burke through T. S. Eliot, the history of the term has been a history

of exposing the evils of industrialism for the purpose of resisting change and the popular diffusion of power.

Belaboring of the British middle class, whether from the Right or the Left, has consisted in presenting the claims of inwardness and “the whole man,” as against the “external and mechanical” compulsions of the factory-centered society. The critical question has been, of course: Whose inwardness? Which whole man? The merit of Williams is that, passing down the line of Burke, Coleridge, Arnold, Carlyle, the Romantic arts, the nineteenth-century novelists of industry, to the literary captains of today, he never forgets this question. His comment on the typical deplorer of the industrial spectacle is worth despatching by wire to some of our recent re-examiners of liberalism: “It has passed too long for a kind of maturity and depth in experience to argue that politics and political attachments are only possible to superficial minds; and that any appreciation of the complexity of human nature necessarily involves a wise depreciation of these noisy instruments.” Being “whole” in these instances is for those in a position to keep out of things.

With few exceptions—Morris, Wilde—the writers examined by Williams arrive by one road or another at the idea of a social elite, and most at an elite that rules. It is not too much to say that in England “culture” is dyed in anti-democratic passions at least as deeply as in anti-capitalist ones. Nor does the British artist or man of letters tend, like Whitman, the Russians, or the vanguard movements of the Continent, to see in the total overthrow of dead forms the beginning of creation under conditions of freedom. It may be a proof of its inherited skill in moderating social tensions, but in both art and politics modern England has played a negligible part in the radical testing of new relations—one has only to speculate about what form a history like Williams' would take in the land of Napoleon, Baudelaire and Sartre to get the measure of British assent to authority and the past.

“When in doubt,” says Williams, “the English imagine a pendulum.” British social vision has swung steadily between conservative theories of an “organic society” managed by its hereditary aristocracy, sometimes augmented by cultured commoners, and radical Utop-

ian fantasies of a re-united folk. Rarely has it had the energy to hurl itself out of the anti-modernism of Burke and Cobbett.

He [Burke] speaks from the relative stability of the eighteenth century against the first signs of the flux and confusion of the nineteenth century, but he speaks also against those rising doctrines which the eighteenth century had produced, and which were to become the characteristic philosophy of the change itself. In doing so, he prepared a position in the English mind from which the march of industrialism and liberalism was to be continually attacked.

In his opposition to "the rising doctrines" of the revolution of the eighteenth century, Burke had recognized the presence of another tradition; it, too, was a culture, with its own ambitions for human excellence. Any statement of its views is almost a direct antithesis to Burke. For example, Dr. James R. Killian Jr., special assistant to Eisenhower for science and technology, was quoted the other day in *The New York Times* as follows:

We have forged ahead because we wanted things to change. We have wanted to look forward and not backward. The revolution of modern man—the revolution which has found its fullest expression here in the United States—lies essentially in this: it is the revolt against things as they are when there are ways of doing things better.... It is a revolution against all the forces which hinder man in building a better life.... What we are concerned with basically is the importance which the American people give to the factor of excellence in our society. It is basically important that we achieve a greater respect for learning, a greater pride in intellectual achievement.

The enormous accomplishment of Burke and his followers lay in purloining the word "tradition"—the same word our Southerners fall back on—for the institutions existing prior to the nineteenth century and denying it to the values and modes of thought developed in the innovations of the past two hundred years. If he could not preserve the stasis of society, Burke did succeed in projecting that stasis into the minds of his countrymen. British thought continues to tick off the fruitless dichotomy of a non-existent "organic" community (e.g., Lawrence's Mexico) versus an inhuman social

clockwork (*Brave New World*, 1984, *The Angry Young Men*)—incidentally, I miss in *Culture and Society* Wells, Huxley and Wyndham Lewis.

The respect with which Williams makes his way among the monuments of British cultural agitation does not prevent him from exposing their defects. Welcoming Eliot's *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* for disturbing liberal complacency, and lauding its adoption of the social scientists' conception of culture as "a whole way of life," he calls attention to the "sliding of definitions" by which Eliot insinuates into the idea of culture his own version of worthwhile religion, art and learning and deplores the disparity between Eliot's tentative arguments and his manner of presenting them, "often dogmatic to the point of insolence." His estimates of Arnold, Ruskin, T. E. Hulme, Lawrence are similarly balanced between drawing out the author's contribution to the tradition and noting where he fails.

THE MOST striking achievement of *Culture and Society* is its chapter "Marxism and Culture," which succeeds in discussing root issues while restraining itself to the proportions of the book. Marxism had no collective life in England prior to the 1930s—Morris' socialism, Williams shows, was descended from the native tradition of protest. As in the United States, the emergence of Communist intellectuals did little to clarify Marxist complexities or to tie down thoughts hanging loose in Marx's system; elements from the old Romantic recoil from industrialism reappeared dressed up in Marxist phrases. Beyond the errors of the party writers, Williams seeks out the central difficulties in Marx's own writing—e.g., the notion of economic structure and cultural superstructure, the formula "existence determines consciousness"—and suggests that such concepts as these will be clarified when they are studied in the context of contemporary culture as a whole.

In the past three decades, we have not only culture but "mass culture." To Williams the very term "mass," synonymous with "mob," is derogatory and in his view "the whole theory of mass communication depends, essentially, on a minority in some way exploiting a majority." True communication implies not only reception but an opportunity to reply; the absence of this opportunity in the mass-culture audience induces a sullenness and withdrawal of interest which in contemporary society may lead to disaster. In

other words, mass culture must be changed into the culture of democracy in practice.

With this as his goal, Williams is able to break his way out of the jungle of restorationist dreams into the actual problems of our day. Democratic culture raises the question of the working multitudes; Williams endeavors to distinguish an ethic of solidarity, responsible for working-class achievements in unionism and politics, from the middle-class social ethic of service, in which he shrewdly discerns "real personal unselfishness... within a larger selfishness." Service, he argues, maintains the status quo and, lacking active mutual responsibility, cannot meet the needs of the time; nor can the middle-class principle of individual opportunity, since the ladder one climbs is the symbol of divided society.

Thus Williams conceives a Socialist unification of society, though aware of the danger of carrying solidarity too far. As a check against the crushing of dissent, he proposes that culture be understood in the sense of "the tending of natural growth," which, being an essentially unplannable process would serve as a model for the need for deviation.

But if solidarity is the cultural principle to be introduced by the working class, how can this principle provide a desire for opposition? Would not the "tending" of a whole in which conflicts are embraced require the attention of an element outside the working class? If so, are we not back again in the British tradition of a community under the guidance of a culture-possessing elite?

THAT *Culture and Society* ends in the abstraction of a common understanding among like-minded men seems to me an effect of limiting its inquiry to British experience. Solidarity is another version of Burke's "organic society"; while it is an aspect of working-class feeling, in itself it is insufficient to initiate a new "whole way." The solidarity into which modern industry has organized the workers is a passive one; it turns into a voluntary unity, a "cultural" one, so to speak, only in the course of struggle—in the trade unionism Williams cites, the solidarity is real only for the duration of particular efforts. Hence, as Rosa Luxemburg insisted, it is from struggle that the ethics and the social intelligence of the workers are born. Like any other culture, that of the majority can come into being only by becoming a threat to rival cultures and dangerous.

# The Color of Experience

## THE NEGRO NOVEL IN AMERICA.

By Robert A. Bone. Yale University Press. 268 pp. \$5.

Richard Gibson

HISTORIES of what has come to be known as Negro literature are invariably rather depressing. The over-all literary achievement of American Negroes since the publication in 1853 of William Wells Brown's *Clotel* is impressive, especially when viewed against the Negro's status in the United States, but the record for individual writers over these several generations has most often been one of bright promise, followed by dismal failure, a lapse into premature silence. Of sixty-two Negro novelists writing between 1853 and 1952, forty, or two-thirds, have published only one novel. Eleven more have published only two novels, while another eleven have published more than two. Perhaps this poverty of accomplishment is due to the fact that so many Negroes in the past turned to literature mainly to protest against the Negro's assigned role in American life; once the protest was made, they had little else to say. Robert A. Bone, a young, white English instructor at Yale, has some interesting points to make about this and other aspects of the subject in *The Negro Novel in America*.

MR. BONE is critical in an Olympian sense, and his work, while purporting to be merely a history, really lays down a future program for Negro writers. He breaks down his history into four chronological sections: 1890-1920 (he does not consider *Clotel*, the first Negro novel, Frank Webb's *The Garies and Their Friends* (1857), or Martin Delany's fragment of a novel, *Blake* (1859), substantial enough to justify an earlier start), 1920-1930, 1930-1940 and 1940-1952. His thesis is that the Negro writer has always been restricted in his experience to life within the Negro ghettos and that he would therefore best direct his creative efforts toward establishing an "autonomous Negro art." Today, as in the past, the Negro writer is torn between the two poles of assimilationism and black nationalism — and Mr. Bone is not troubled because these are both political, not aesthetic, positions.

RICHARD GIBSON has recently returned from Paris, where he was employed as an editor by Agence France-Presse. His novel, *A Mirror for Magistrates*, has been published in London.

The earliest period of the Negro novel, he asserts, produced a sort of "high-yallah" literature in which predominantly middle-class mulatto writers sought to break through the caste barrier on the "grounds that 'whiteness' of appearance and behavior entitled them to special treatment." Sutton Griggs, Charles W. Chesnutt, Paul Laurence Dunbar, W. E. B. Du Bois and James Weldon Johnson all belonged to this period, although, according to Bone, Johnson's *The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man* (1912) was the only "good" novel, while Dunbar's *The Un-called* (1898) was the sole other work of sufficiently high standard to be called "mediocre." He then lists twenty-nine other works, including all of Chesnutt's novels, as "poor."

The second period — 1920-1930 — Bone says, was "essentially a period of self-discovery, marked by a sudden growth of interest in things Negro." He claims the period produced one "major" novel, Jean Toomer's *Cane* (1923); there were no "superior" novels, but three were "good": Nella Larsen's *Quicksand* (1928), Countee Cullen's *One Way to Heaven* (1932) and Claude McKay's *Banana Bottom* (1933). He lists twenty-two other novels, including Langston Hughes's *Not Without Laughter* (1930) and George Schuyler's *Black No More* (1931) as either "mediocre" or "poor." Schuyler's novel, probably the finest satire ever written by a Negro author, might have qualified as "good," Bone indicates, if the author's vision had not been animated basically by the demon of assimilationism.

The third period, 1930-1940, one of social realism and re-evaluation of the Negro's past, produced another "major" novel, Richard Wright's *Native Son* (1940), and two "superior" ones, William Attaway's *Blood on the Forge* (1941) and Zora Neale Hurston's *Their Eyes Were Watching God* (1937).

The fourth period, 1940-1952, began with "imitators" of Richard Wright, such as Chester Himes and William Gardner Smith, and fell into the most horrendous assimilationism, with Willard Motley's *Knock on Any Door* (1947) and Ann Petry's *Country Place* (1947). However, things took a turn for the better with the appearance of such non-protest novels of Negro life as Dorothy West's *The Living Is Easy* (1948), William Demby's *Beetle Creek* (1950), and Owen Dodson's *Boy at the Window* (1951). This period was brought to a close with another "major"

novel, "by far the best novel yet written by an American Negro," Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* (1952). Ellison's book, Bone maintains, laid the foundations on which "an art-centered Negro fiction" could evolve, "free from the crude nationalistic propaganda of the past and the subtler assimilationist propaganda of the present."

"THE Negro author," Mr. Bone asserts, "should not undertake a 'white' novel unless his experience of white life is extraordinary." He singles out this present reviewer's past criticisms of the protest novel — while completely overlooking James Baldwin's vigorous work in this respect — as an attempt to coerce Negroes into writing only about white society in the United States. This is far from correct: Baldwin and I were, and are, mainly interested in combating the once-widespread notion that Negroes' writing ought to be dedicated entirely to attacking "the Problem" and hence propagandistic in basic intent.

As for the "experience of white life," Negroes have waited hand and foot on white folks, have washed their clothes and cooked their meals and raised their children for so long that they surely know the whites better than the whites know them. As Ellison has insisted, it is the Negroes who are invisible in a white-dominated society.

Mr. Bone quotes with approval Sterling Brown of Howard University: "The integration of the Negro artist means his acceptance as an individual to be judged on his own merits, with no favor granted and fault found because of race." But artistic integration also means that the Negro writer is not to be confined to the specious closed-off entity known as "Negro literature." The Negro problem, that is, the question of how to keep the Negro in his place, and Negro literature, which is the same problem removed to a cultural level, are creations of a caste-conscious white society.

Mr. Bone is obviously a liberal and a genuine friend of the Negro people and he has an excellent knowledge of their past tribulations and achievements, but his simplifications explain far less than he imagines. And his freehanded distribution of merits and demerits to Negro writers is a wild distortion of literary criticism. If we must have a special history devoted to Negro novelists, then Carl Milton Hughes's *The Negro Novelist* (1953), despite its arid academicism, still remains the best. As for Mr. Bone's book, the old adage holds: the Lord protect us from our friends, we can take care of our enemies ourselves.

## A Line on Waugh

EVELYN WAUGH. Portrait of an Artist. By Frederick J. Stopp. Little, Brown & Co. 254 pp. \$4.

Jean Martin

"THE AIM of style is to make the words disappear into the thought," (Hawthorne) and the artist who comes closest to achieving this aim today is Evelyn Waugh. Not only that but the thought thus exposed is funny, audacious, fastidious — in short, the product of a perfectionist who is at one and the same time pixilated and Catholic. In his satirical novels — *Decline and Fall*, *Vile Bodies*, *A Handful of Dust*, *The Loved One* — Waugh has mixed the vitality of a pagan world into the mad charm of a civilized one; in his romantic religious books — *Brideshead Revisited*, *Helena* — he has reversed the pattern and followed out the workings of the Divine in a pagan world. Everything human, it would seem, is dear to Mr. Waugh — indeed, he delights in uncovering outré examples of What Man Hath Wrought — but dearest of all is his own humanness. Waugh's private world is there for everyone to read in his novels; his private life has always been definitely his own (though he did mirror it obliquely in the recent *Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*). *Evelyn Waugh, Portrait of an Artist* marks the first full-length attempt to deal with the elusive Mr. Waugh, and the author has had Mr. Waugh's assistance in his venture. For those reasons it is worth looking into.

THE BOOK is divided into three parts — biographical, analytical, critical — of which the most valuable portion is the first. For some time there has been a mistaken impression that Evelyn Waugh was a youthful rebel who wrote wildly funny satires until a dramatic conversion to religion turned him in mid-career into a lukewarm moralist. The facts are quite otherwise. Waugh was born in 1903; his father was a Victorian man of letters who once remarked, "If a man knows the Bible, Shakespeare, and Widsen he won't go far wrong." After a career as a rather blasé little school-boy, Evelyn went up to Oxford where he mingled with a crowd, Chestertonian and Catholic of sympathy, which included Henry Green, Cyril Connolly, Peter Quennell, Anthony Powell. Waugh

JEAN MARTIN, who lives in Cicero, Ill., is a frequent contributor to The Nation.

did not take a degree, instead tried his hand rather unsuccessfully at painting, school-mastering, carpentry. When his fiancée's family let it be known that they did not feel carpentry was quite the thing for their future son-in-law, Waugh obtained a commission to write a life of Rossetti, and the young couple settled at Islington, "devoting infinite care to a variety of domestic arts and crafts such as buying foreign postage stamps and sticking them onto an ugly old coal-scuttle which was then varnished." The marriage lasted a year, during which Waugh completed the Rossetti book and followed it quickly with *Decline and Fall* — the first of his novels of comic genius.

In the same year, at the age of twenty-six, he was received into the Catholic Church "on firm intellectual conviction but with little emotion." In *The Road to Damascus* Waugh said, "It was self-evident to me that no heresy or schism could be right and the Church wrong. . . . It was possible all were wrong . . . but if the Christian revelation were true, the Church was the society founded by Christ. . . . It remained only to examine the historical and philosophical grounds for supposing the Christian revelation to be genuine." Father D'Arcy who instructed him has said he seldom had anyone to instruct whose approach was so "objective, factual and unemotional."

THE year following the conversion, Waugh published *Vile Bodies* which, while it stirred up some mutterings in religious circles, firmly established him as a literary name. There then followed seven years of travel, by preference to wild places (Abyssinia, Guiana, etc.) during which he "had no fixed home and no possessions which could not con-

### Midsummer Night

(From the Italian of Diego Valeri)

The black wind poured the night  
into the little room.  
Our bed was clouds broken  
by silent lightning, a dark fragrance  
of trodden grass, breezes  
of wandering rain, a shower of leaves  
from endless plains,  
like an echo of sea waves.  
Alone, in the confused  
lightning in the troubled darkness,  
your face was sickly pearl.

CHARLES GUENTHER

veniently go on a porter's barrow." A series of travel books provided the income for the travels which in turn provided the backgrounds for his novels. In 1937 Waugh married for the second time, settled in England until the war when, in spite of being overage, he volunteered for active duty. The encounter with man's inhumanity to man in a dehumanized modern world chilled him into his first novel of outspoken withdrawal, the nostalgic *Brideshead Revisited*.

Critical reaction to this book was mixed; regret for the abandonment of his old genre, the satire, was mingled with apprehension at his declaration of loyalties to human values. ("Excellent things loyalties," commented Sean O'Faolain, "but fatal for an artist.") In 1947 Waugh made a trip to the United States where he turned down \$150,000 rather than relinquish control over the film script for *Brideshead*. Most of his time, however, was spent in a transport of delighted incredulity at that monument to bad taste — Whispering Glades — and he returned to England with the material for the macabre, cutting and glittering satire *The Loved One*. The book was a success and a scandal, but critical opinion was relieved to find the master back at his old stand. But Waugh's loyalty to whatever is human and his horror of a machined world have never dimmed, and a sad little satire, *Scott-King's Modern Europe*, ends with a schoolmaster's declaration, "I will stay as I am here as long as any boy wants to read the classics. I think it would be very wicked indeed to do anything to fit a boy for the modern world." — "It is a short-sighted view, Scott-King." — "There, headmaster, with all respect, I differ with you profoundly. I think it the most long-sighted view it is possible to take."

WAUGH has always been, above all, an individualist. "No good comes of public causes," he has said, "only private causes of the soul." The qualities he considers important in a writer are "lucidity, elegance, individuality, and reticence."

Frederick J. Stopp's book is thoroughgoing, serious and respectful. It suffers from a textbook-like appearance, but the writing is sprinkled with piquant anecdotes, lucid opinions and Waugh's own apt comments. The dust jacket, a recent photograph by Cecil Beaton, shows Waugh, a stoutish, middle-aged faun behind a scarred picket fence which bears a sign: *Entrée interdite aux promeneurs*. It amounts to a personal motto.

The NATION

# THEATRE

## Harold Clurman

ARNOLD BENNETT once said that writing a play was much easier than writing a novel. But he wrote better novels than plays. Since the early days of the modern novel—the eighteenth century let us say—more enduring novels have been written than plays. Many excellent novelists (and poets) have attempted the dramatic form with lamentable results. Henry James, who loved and understood the theatre, never could write a play worth a hoot. Joseph Conrad did no better.

These thoughts occurred to me as I watched Williams Carlos Williams' fragmentary *Many Loves* at the Living Theatre (530 Sixth Avenue). This tiny playhouse is newly, oddly and rather pleasantly decorated by friends of the organization; its atmosphere combines elements of the gravelly aestheticism and mucky mysticism of the "beat" generation in a manner which is not at all unattractive.

The place itself made a greater impression on me than Mr. Williams' play. I experienced a faint hope that in the not too distant future something at least as good as Cumming's *him*—an underrated play—might be presented there. In the meantime, besides the present performance, the management announces a series of readings, talks, recitals and film showings which may prove of *avant-garde* interest. I am not habitually in accord with our American *avant-garde* but I like to know that there is one. New creation sometimes emerges from its chaos.

The Williams play is a series of thematically related sketches. The prologue and epilogue form one such sketch and describe the effort of a young writer to escape a homosexual attachment to a patron who identifies the writing profession in general with an incompatibility with women. This is a not insignificant thought, worth sociological and psychological observation in regard to the American male as intellectual and artist.

The three other episodes or phases of the play deal with equally troubled "loves" or, more emphatically, lacks of love. The third "act" struck me as the most interesting: it is a talk between a housewife with no maternal feelings whatever and hardly any feminine sensuality and a doctor who might be, in a very minor way, something like the play's author—himself a doctor.

The scene is well written and minutely pathetic in a teasing and indeterminate way—as if the dramatist wanted to set down only as much as he could gather from hasty contact with some of his woman patients, without coming to any conclusion about them beyond a sense of their unhappiness. It is an unhappiness that stems chiefly from the absence of a genuine experience of life, the misery of the daily vacuum. This sentiment is the sum of the play's "message." America can never be a truly healthy place till it recognizes the nature and seriousness of its ailments. Its tragedy is the fear of the tragic.

The play is unevenly performed—from the nearly amateur to the quite competent. The section I preferred is also the best acted.

IN PASSING I should mention another off-Broadway show, *Mistresses and Maidens* (Orpheum Theatre), which consists of two one-acters: *Song of Songs* by Jean Giraudoux and *Maidens and Mistresses at Home in the Zoo* by a young American, Meade Roberts.

The first of these is a minor piece by the French novelist-playwright whose work is poetry in prose—sometimes marred by preciosity, sometimes genuinely exquisite. In this instance the play is done with so little sense of its style that it hardly seems fair to evaluate the text.

The Roberts play is notable chiefly for the sharply etched theatricality of Leueen MacGrath's performance—a sort of glittering silhouette of a fashionably sick lady. It is remarkable too as an instance of a young playwright who seems to have been swallowed whole by the Tennessee Williams of *Garden District*—which, to begin with, is far from being the best of Williams' work. The result is like a Robert W. Chambers' *Cosmopolitan* magazine story, except that it aims at nausea rather than at lush sentiment. More ominously, the play's leading thought as far as I could make out is that American women are attracted to "dirt"—meaning sex!

AT ITS BEST, *La Plume de Ma Tante* (Royale) is a delightfully zany revue, with many merry pranks which glow with a kind of bright innocence. Only four or five numbers are really first-rate, there is no music to speak of, no shining talents among the players, but the tone and manner of the whole show fuses cunning with cuteness in a sophistication that might appeal to children—a way of seeing life that the professor, the concierge and the baker can laugh at with a kindred feeling of pleasure.

A rare literary phenomenon —  
great historical writings  
of recent remembered events

## ★ THE ★ Coming of the New Deal

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

★ Henry Steele Commager  
The New York Times Book Review  
"It promises to be one of the major works in American historical literature . . . history with appropriate ingredients of narrative, drama, biography, analysis, and interpretation."

★ John K. Hutchens  
New York Herald Tribune  
"Narrative history on a major scale . . . Mr. Schlesinger has evoked the very feeling of a time, its urgency, dread and exaltation, the sense of the future taking shape at the hands of the present . . . immediacy with a flair."

★ Justice William O. Douglas  
Washington Post & Times Herald  
"This book is great and enduring"

\$6.75



H.M.Co.

Three large  
printings before publication  
January Book-of-  
the-Month Club Selection

**Your Book Published**  
Our famous plan has launched 700 authors. We edit, publish, advertise, distribute. Send manuscript for free report or write for Brochure X

PAGEANT PRESS, 101 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. 3

## Free to WRITERS seeking a book publisher

Two fact-filled, illustrated brochures tell how to publish your book, get 40% royalties, national advertising, publicity and promotion. Free editorial appraisal. Write Dept. NA-2

Exposition Press / 386 4th Ave., N.Y. 16

**HOW TO PUBLISH  
YOUR  
BOOK**  
Join our successful authors in a complete publishing program: publicity, advertising, lovely books. Send for FREE manuscript report and copy of How To Publish Your Book.  
**COMET PRESS BOOKS**  
Write Dept. NA2  
200 Varick Street, New York 14

## AUTHORS WANTED BY N. Y. PUBLISHER

New York, N. Y.—One of the nation's largest book publishers is seeking manuscripts of all types—fiction, non-fiction, poetry. Special attention to new writers. If your work is ready for publication, send for booklet No. 103—It's free. Vantage Press, Inc., 120 West 31st Street, New York 1, New York.

# RECORDS

## Lester Trimble

THE ORGANIST, E. Power Biggs, conductor Sir Adrian Boult, and the London Philharmonic have made one of the most delightful commemorative gestures of this Handel bicentennial season with their recording of the composer's six Organ Concertos, Opus 4, for Columbia (K2L-258; K2S-602). A veritable saga of research preceded the actual performances, a job of detective work aiming to track down an organ on which Handel himself had played. This search took Biggs to Italy, North Germany and England. If he could have obtained a visa, it would have taken him as well to Halle, in East Germany.

Finally, in a letter written by Handel in 1749 to Charles Jennens, librettist for *Messiah*, Biggs found the crucial clue. Jennens, a man whose manner of living earned him the nickname of "Solomon the Magnificent," wanted an organ for his estate in Leicestershire, consulted Handel for specifications, and was given a listing of the elements Handel felt should go into such an instrument, plus an offer to inspect it when it was finished. More sleuthing traced the organ, which had been moved twice after Jennens' death, to its present location, in the parish church of Great Packington, in the middle of the Forest of Arden. Save for the addition of three stops not specified by Handel, it was unaltered; still fed with air by hand-operated bellows, and in weekly use for the regular Sunday services.

It is a beautiful instrument, and I can understand why Biggs is infatuated with it. In its tone, there is something curiously soft and affectionate, and you find yourself responding in exactly those terms. Biggs's playing, too, has obviously been infected by his joy in the organ, as well as his love for the music. His happy passages have a lightness, a graciousness of appeal far in excess of that generally heard, and some of the thoughtful sections possess a really remarkable edge of humaneness and tolerance. Boult's accompaniments could not be more *en rapport* in spirit, style and instrumental balance.

As signs of the organ's extreme age, one can occasionally catch faint sounds from the trackers operating between keys and pipe valves. There is also a passage beginning the Andante of the first concerto which goes wryly out of tune in the upper pipes. Whether this is due to the instrument's age or was a

flaw in its adjustment for the recording, I cannot say. In any event, it is more piquant than upsetting.

SINCE Irmgard Seefried is justly considered one of the finest sopranos before the international public today, I find it difficult to account for the uneven quality of musicianship she has allowed to pass uncensored on two Decca records of *Lieder*. Evidences of her remarkable musical and technical gifts are, of course, scattered throughout the recordings, in passages which illumine the bright, classical spirit of Mozart or which surmount technical difficulties over which most sopranos would struggle. It is impossible to mistake that one is hearing an immensely gifted musician. At the same time, this only serves as an irritation when superficiality, speciousness, or actual lapses of taste appear.

The first of these records is devoted to nine songs by Mozart and, on the reverse side, Schumann's lovely cycle, *Frauenliebe und Leben* (DL-9971). The Mozart songs begin well enough, with only a faint hint in *An Chloe* that the singer is not completely warmed to her music. The second song, *Das Lied der Trennung*, is more feelingly performed. But the "bleat," which seems to be a Seefried trademark, and is the only frank vulgarism in her equipment, begins to sneak into the picture at this point. Though the third song, *Das Kinderspiel*, miraculously escapes these flaws, the pattern has been set, and beyond that place in the record the singer mixes elegances, vulgarisms and superficialities in unpredictable profusion. The Schumann cycle, though more consistent in interpretive quality, scans only the outside of the songs and does not represent Seefried at anything near her best.

The other disc has songs by Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and Wolf, gathered together because they were all written on texts by Goethe (DL-9974). The selection may be logical, but in musical terms it does not work, since the songs do not really add up to a satisfactory recital. Many of them are only middling examples of the composers' capabilities, and the fact that they share the same poet does not *per se* mean they fit comfortably with one another. Seefried exhibits the same virtues and flaws as on the other record, with the emphasis perhaps more heavily

on the flaws. Both discs have Erik Werba as accompanist. The piano is rather unattractively recorded.

Another Decca issue, this one a recital by the coloratura soprano, Rita Streich, sounds far more resonant and handsome. The choice of songs strikes a balance half way between serious and "light," with several fine *lieder* by Schubert, a group of not-too-fascinating folk songs, and a really exquisite short cycle written by Darius Milhaud for Lily Pons, entitled *Chansons de Ronsard*. Miss Streich sings this with elegance of style and a real gusto for its stratospheric passages. Her voice, in all the music, is extraordinarily beautiful; the coloratura technique simply dazzling. Eric Werba is again the accompanist (DL-9972).

Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps* has been treated to another splendid recording, this one by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic on the Columbia label (ML-5277). In its own way, it is perhaps the most brilliant of them all; giving less the feeling of augustness and amplitude, such as the Montoux recording possesses, than of lean vigor and refined, but eager eroticism. Its silvery sounds, of trumpets and piccolos, are polished to an incredibly high sparkle; the triangles glint like prisms. Everything is firm muscled and loaded with incisive energy.

In one or two minor instances, Bernstein stretches the score a bit, playing a *forte* when *mezzo forte* was called for, and emphasizing a brass *glissando* more ecstatically than the notation prescribes. But, as a counterbalance, he follows the score in places where other conductors ignore it. The result is, I think, a fascinating interpretation.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

THE MOST perplexing show among the mid-January openings is the work by Bernard Dufour at Albert Loeb until February 21. These large, easy, bright pictures, loosely painted on a white ground in lively, harmonious colors contain no recognizable images. But unlike most current non-objective paintings, they are not easy to dismiss as decoration. The execution has a conviction, the strokes and tones a subtlety and variety usually to be found only in the economical depiction of real and visible objects. The hand is neither capricious nor affected. It firmly states,

It is as if someone were talking quite slowly and clearly in a language one does not understand. I have not the slightest idea what is being said, but I am convinced of the logic. Perhaps these pictures — like certain Cubist pictures or some of Cézanne's watercolors which become clear only when the subject is divined — depict the familiar world but do it with unfamiliar simplifications or from an unfamiliar point of view. One finds hints in the work of landscape seen from above, and of highly enlarged plants or amoebas. Perhaps, on the contrary, the pictures are a rigorous exposition of an essentially hermetic field, like the work of Marcel Duchamp. Or perhaps, in spite of the beauty of hand displayed, the conviction itself is just another stylistic device and the pictures another example of contemporary decoration. The only way to find out would be to see the pictures more often. I feel quite sure one will.

FROM a historical point of view the most important show at the moment is the fifteen oils, along with drawings and watercolors, by Oskar Kokoschka, on view also until February 21, at the new Bayer Gallery, as a benefit for a cancer research foundation. It offers none of the city landscapes which I consider Kokoschka's finest pieces. But the portraits and figure pieces, many of which have not been shown here before, have that intense expressivity for which he is famous. There is *Frau Hirsch*, of 1908; *L. R. von Janikowsky*, *Peter Altenberg* and *Paul Scheerbart*, of 1909 and 1910; his own famous self-portrait of 1914; the musicians von Webern and Schönberg (who was himself at one time a portrait painter); and *Mrs. Visser with Vase* of 1933, done in a more conventional style — a hostess in her interior, too cheerful and aggressive to be anything but a parody by exaggeration of what the sitter demands in a commissioned portrait.

MUCH more restrained and less intrusive is the work of the Danish painter Kay Christensen, on view at the Meltzer Gallery until February 7, the first group of his pictures to be shown in this country. The painter's subject is his wife and small children, seen by a poetic, affectionate and interior light — the children asleep, at table, listening to the radio, a little girl in her nightgown sitting up in bed. The work is delicate, fanciful, in cold acid colors reminiscent of the 1900s. It has something of the wistful and menaced elegance of the tales of Isak Dinesen (who also appears here in a small and charming portrait). It has as well some of the tenderness so

touching in the early work of Christian Bérard and Pavel Tchelitchew. Perhaps Neo-Romanticism is not dead after all.

THE WHITNEY is holding until March 1, a four-fold exhibit — the painters Karl Knaths and Abraham Rattner and the sculptors Doris Caesar and Chaim Gross — under the title of Four American Expressionists. Each separate group of work is large and comprehensive, each contains more than thirty examples and represents the work of twenty to thirty years. The artists themselves are highly respected and enjoy considerable following. My only complaint is a personal one. I do not find any of the work particularly sympathetic.

Of the four artists Doris Caesar is the least remarkable. Her work is of two kinds — small story-telling groups, and larger, single, elongated female figures, generally nudes. The groups are not very different from Bavarian peasant wood-carving—though they are superior in workmanship — and the single figures seem expressive of nothing but an exaggerated self-pity. The other sculptor, Chaim Gross, is more engaging. His *Easter Sunday* — a young woman proud of her new hat — has the naive charm of an early American ship's figurehead, and the *Young Mother*, clothed, thin and pregnant, is very touching. The greater part of his work, however, consists of stylized female acrobats, usually twined into garlands. These pieces with their multiple doll-like faces and bumpy bottoms, so reminiscent of the Rose O'Neill *Kewpies* of my childhood, look like well-filled Christmas stockings.

As for the painters, Karl Knaths can paint very handsome canvases in rich, effective color. Witness his *Frightened Deer in Moonlight*, and his *Clam Diggers. Provincetown* of 1949. But in most of his pictures the vigor of his original idea is lost, and its expressivity muffled, in the systematic abstraction he imposes. This stylization is found in all the work. He uses no colors but a small predetermined group of tones prepared in advance and employed without intermixture. There are no lines except straight ones and the simplest of curves. And these he superposes in Cubist-style patterns on his color areas. This uniform and limiting procedure renders most of his canvases thin and poster-like. In a group they are monotonous.

Abraham Rattner is a more varied painter. Certainly nothing of Knaths's here shown is as original as Rattner's *Window Cleaner No. 1* with its spider man almost as transparent as the window he is cleaning. But Rattner's color is in the taste of my aunt from the country

who used to say "I don't like things to be gaudy. All I want is plenty of red, blue, green, purple and yaller." At any rate all of these colors at highest intensity appear in each of his pictures. And with his stock of Clowns, Masks, Christs and Don Quixotes, he of all our contemporaries seems the most given to self-pity — a wailing wall indeed. Recalling the word "Expressionist" in the title of the present exhibition, one is tempted to suspect that to express self-pity is what Expressionism means. Though it is difficult to see how Gross, a naive charmer, and Knaths, a Cubist-formed abstractionist, could qualify as Expressionists no matter how the definition were framed. Be that as it may, the show is extraordinarily well done, and for their many admirers, the works have probably never been so well presented.

THE THEATRE GUILD and DORE SCHARY present  
**RALPH BELLAMY**  
**SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO**  
 by DORE SCHARY  
 with MARY FICKETT · HENRY JONES  
 Directed by VINCENT J. DONEHUE  
 AIR-COND. CORT THEA. 138 W. 48 St., N. Y. C.

"A TAUT, SHOCKING DRAMA."—Cue  
**THE MAN WHO NEVER DIED**  
 A play about JOE HILL  
 Mail or Phone  
 Tues., Wed., Thurs.,  
 Fri. 8:30; Sat. 6:30  
 & 10; Sun. 3:00 & 7:30  
 JAN HUS, 351 E. 74 St. LE 5-6310

## The Best Way To Get The Nation

THE NATION  
 333 Sixth Ave., New York 14

- ☐ One Year, \$8
- ☐ Two Years, \$14
- ☐ Three Years, \$20
- ☐ 6 Months, \$4

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed

(Canadian and Foreign Postage  
 \$1 a year extra)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

2-7-59

## RESORTS



### Arrowhead Lodge in ELLENVILLE, N. Y.

Washington's Birthday

Featuring — Elly Stone, Abe Kanegson. Social Folk and Square Dancing. Sketch Classes. All Winter Sports. Pete Hass, director of activities.

Reserve Now!

Call: N.Y.C. DE 2-4578 Ellenville 502

## ALLABEN

Monmouth & 5 St., Lakewood, N.J.  
Modern, intimate. Fabulous Classical Record Collection — Library — Entertainment — Free Ice Skating. Allaben Ensemble, Mort Freeman. Jewish American Cuisine.

JACK & SERENA SCHWARTZ

Tel. Lakewood 6-1222 • Res. for Feb. Holidays

ONLY  
50  
MILES  
FROM  
N.Y.C.

RELAX in an atmosphere of warmth and hospitality. Winter Sports. Dancing. Entertainment. Superb cuisine. Fire-proof Bldg. Elevator service. In N.Y.C. call at local rate.

FAirbanks 5-7227  
MAhopac 8-3449

## FORESThouse LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

LAKE LOUANNE — ideal spot for rest and relaxation. 200 acres woodland, rustic trails, private lake, ice skating and fishing. Large rooms, each with private bath. Small group, informal, friendly service. Louis Cndroff, Old Clinton Rd., Westbrook, Conn. Phone: Montrose 9-2465.

## HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

Complete Personality Analysis  
from Your Handwriting  
Fee \$5.00

ALFRED KANFER

62 Leroy St., New York 14, N. Y.  
Endorsed by scientific authorities, hospitals, insurance companies, colleges, psych journals

Recipient of research grants

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

\$70 WEEKLY—home, spare time. Simplified mail bookkeeping. Immediate income—easy! Auditax, 34757EA, Los Angeles 34.

## SERVICES

### Free Book Search Service

Send your book lists or write

THE LIBERTARIAN BOOKMAN

815 W. Addison Chicago 13, Illinois

UNIVERSITY TELEVISION SERVICE  
(Manhattan Bronx Yonkers)

Television and Air Conditioning

150 W. Kingsbridge Rd., Bronx 63, N. Y.  
CY 8-0420

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — economical, insured, household moving. Vans, station wagons. Any day, any time. The Padded Wagon, AL 5-8343 (N.Y.C.)

## PERSONALS

TAKE ADVANTAGE and buy at below dealers' prices all our floor samples of TV's, Radios, Phonographs, Refrigerators, etc. — because we need space for our growing tropical plant and gift departments. Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Avenue (13th & 14th Sts.), N.Y. GR 3-7819. 1 hour free parking.

LEARN WHILE YOU SLEEP equipment for experimenters. Full line timers, pillow speakers, endless tapes. Also books, languages, self-help personality improvement courses on record. Inquiries invited. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-TN, Olympia, Washington.

## LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

bulent and incandescent genius of Vanzetti to be revealed either in his speeches or writings, or where Colp describes the dramatic events of Vanzetti's last days.

HERMAN LEON

Madeline Borg Child Guidance Institute

Jewish Board of Guardians

New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: During Sacco and Vanzetti's imprisonment, the defense presented (in the sources indicated by Mr. Musmanno) evidence raising reasonable doubt of their guilt, but not conclusively proving their innocence. Today we still do not know with any certainty who the culprits were, despite the fact that Herbert B. Ehrmann offers a plausible theory in *The Untried Case. The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti* says, "The killing of two men and the identity of their murderers can properly be put aside as a matter of antiquarian interest: the true significance of the case is revealed in vastly more important ways." This contemporary significance lies in the following facts: (1) Sacco and Vanzetti were tried by due process and yet, despite reasonable doubt — even grave doubt — were found guilty and executed; (2) the personality and words of Sacco and Vanzetti (particularly of the latter) continue to have meaning for us.

To delineate Vanzetti, I have in places applied psychoanalytic concepts. Is it valid to apply theories originally used for medical treatment of living patients to the printed material of a dead man? Mr. Leon says no. Yet, today such psychoanalytically-inspired works as Erik Erikson's *Young Man Luther* and Leon Edel's biography of Henry James (which in many instances draw on much scantier sources than I have had) have been highly valued by historians and biographers. A recent re-evaluation by an art historian of the first psychoanalytic biography, Freud's *Leonardo da Vinci*, states that, despite numerous mistakes, Freud was able "to pose altogether new and important questions about [da Vinci's] personality . . . to which no better answer than Freud's has yet been given." In a 1957 presidential address to the American Historical Association, William Langner, Harvard professor of history, urged historians to learn to apply psychoanalysis: "Psychoanalysis has long since ceased being merely a therapy

and has been generally recognized as a theory basic to the study of the human personality. . . . Clearly the time has come for us to reckon with a doctrine that strikes so close to the heart of our own discipline."

In applying unconscious motivations to Vanzetti, I do not see these as all-exclusive. In America, along with his depression, poor working conditions and the persecution of radicals played vital roles in shaping Vanzetti's personality. Whether these social forces outweighed the unconscious forces in shaping Vanzetti's personality, no one can know. When, as in Vanzetti's final speech to Stong, I indicate an unconscious factor, it does not mean that because it is called unconscious, it is a holy of holies, the final truth transcending all other truths. It merely means that the science of psychoanalysis enables us to glimpse something of the genesis of one of the noblest of English speeches.

To dilate on my main application of psychoanalysis: the concept that Vanzetti was depressed. A *leitmotiv* of Vanzetti's life was his pre-1920 failure as a radical leader and writer. He was unimportant not only to his Italian comrades, but to his American foes: in the 1919-20 radical persecution, over 2,500 alien radicals were arrested. Sacco and Vanzetti were some of the last, and then they were arrested not because of their radicalism. To say that Vanzetti was depressed explains this inhibition. To ascribe his depression to unconscious guilt feelings over the death of his mother fits the facts, and is a concept which — though it may first seem unpleasant and unreasonable — has been fortified and refined by hundreds of workers and today is proclaimed in standard textbooks of psychiatry.

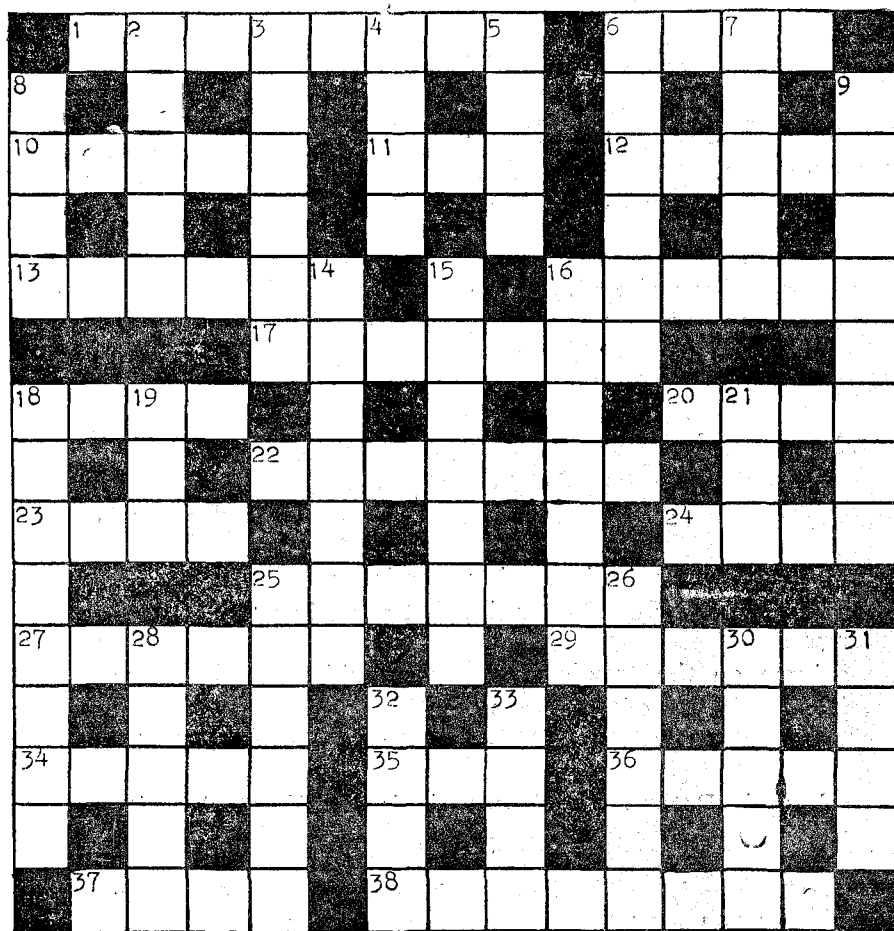
My other application of psychoanalysis is the explanation of Vanzetti's psychoses. Briefly, I have hypothesized not homosexuality, but a repressed unconscious homosexual wish which in prison conditions rose to consciousness. Repressed homosexuality does not explain all cases of paranoia, but it does explain some. [*Practical Clinical Psychiatry*, Ewalt, Strecker, and Ebaugh, 1957, P. 220: "Many persons have confirmed Freud's statements of the homosexual elements in cases of paranoia; other persons have denied them."] I think the evidence indicates it was a factor with Vanzetti. But it was certainly not the only factor: prison deprivation may produce a psychosis — I might have stressed this more.

RALPH COLP, JR.

Boston, Mass.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 806

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 and 6 across Forces, if perhaps not private dining rooms. (8,4)
- 6 and 21 No dinner jacket—rather associated with war fare. (4,3)
- 10 Fourflushers might be temporarily over this. (5)
- 11 The entrance to the ark with this by itself. (3)
- 12 Chisholm was a well-known one. (5)
- 13 and 15 Might take notice of what one finds with a plank for a target. (8,5)
- 16 and 5 A rather rapid mover of British lines. (6,4)
- 17 Hancock and Gwinnett, for instance, shouldn't be greatly disturbed by Como and Sinatra. (7)
- 18 and 16 across Is a drunken bat?
- 20 The boat returns with nothing but gumbo. (4)
- 22 Courted in the old days, but posed no problem. (7)
- 23 and 1 Not necessarily confined to the Signal Corps. (4,8)
- 24 Where the end of 25 down is 18 across, if in hand. (4)
- 25 Breaking up the beverage cartel?
- 27 and 13 Fired in series on the television screen. (6,6)
- 29 This might be rank. (Most boys haven't fully attained it.) (6)
- 34 Mobile lady of song? (5)
- 35 The circle of clues might have been

completed, except that this won't mix with 30! (3)

- 36 and 35 Witty saying, or just flat-tery? (5,3)
- 37 and 27 Let a pirate go and find out what Bryan wanted. (4,6)
- 38 The island of 27. (8)

## DOWN:

- 2 A 16 across—13 might prove so. (5)
- 3 Where to find cutting tools for the East or the West? (6)
- 4 Makes a 6 across out of a sort of chair. (4)
- 5 and 37 Not implying the tax of secret manipulation. (4,4)
- 6 27 is an example of them, and most of the comet, also. (6)
- 7 Soldier might be a sort of lousy name! (5)
- 8 Uptown crawler? (4)
- 9 Proverbially lazy, but pulls up about the carrier. (8)
- 14 Are his indulgences little but often? (7)
- 15 and 36 A source of power, kept in the hull. (7,5)
- 16 Disengaging, if green. (7)
- 18 One aspect of a small range of troubles in the skin. (8)
- 19 and 32 Where old muzzles protruded. (3-4)
- 21 With half of 25 down, young Tom would represent outfit X. (3)

## MEETING

East Side Chapter, A.D.A.  
**HOW FREE IS THE PRESS?**  
 Speaker: Carey McWilliams  
 Editor, *The Nation*  
 Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8:15 P.M.  
 Hotel Belmont-Plaza  
 Lexington Ave. at 49th St., N.Y.C.  
 — No admission charge —

## PUBLICATIONS

### MAKE YOUR OPINIONS COUNT IN WASHINGTON

Send them to **EVERY CONGRESSMAN EVERY MONTH** for ONLY 38c per month. We send questions to you. You vote. We send results to Congress and to you. Free trial. Free details.  
 Active Citizens Opinion Poll (N3)  
 430 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5, Illinois.

### POLITICAL AFFAIRS — February

Two Hitherto-Unknown Articles on the CIVIL WAR and LINCOLN, by KARL MARX; ON THE COMMUNE SYSTEM, 8000-word text of Resolution of Chinese Communist Party; Also many other articles. 35c a copy • \$4 subscription  
**NEW CENTURY PUBLISHERS**  
 832 Broadway New York 3, N.Y.

**IN THE COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION.**  
 Alger Hiss' own story. A big book: 440pp. (Reg. \$5.) NOW 75c (post. 15c). Request list. Wellington's, Box 71, Belmont, Mass.

## LITERARY SERVICES

**FREE! Writer's Market List!**  
 If you're interested in writing fiction or articles for leading magazines, or book publishers, Daniel S. Mead, prominent literary agent, has prepared a catalogue of markets which is a "must" item. For free copy write:  
**Daniel S. Mead, 915 Broadway, Dept. N**  
 N. Y. 10, N. Y.

## EMPLOYMENT SERVICES

**FLORIDA JOBS**, all kinds, entire state, hundreds listed. **WRITE Fastway Service, Daytona Beach.**

## RECORDINGS

### SAVE ON ALL LP's

- Factory Fresh
  - Including hard to get items
  - Fast Service • Careful Packing
- Write for free catalogue  
**DISCOUNT RECORD SERVICE**  
 Box 175, Radio City Sta., N. Y. 19

- 25 With this, the best place for the leader is always left, but the last half with 18 across might be straight. (6)
- 26 Dirties Greene's old man? (6)
- 28 Moony. (5)
- 30 and 23 This shows how low you can sink, if you're loaded! (5,4)
- 31 Such 30 isn't necessarily frozen.
- 33 Not the right fuel for a drafty place! (4)

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 805

**ACROSS:** 1 Look Ma, No Hands; 10 Undress; 11 Incisor; 12 Merrier; 13 Iridium; 14 Fidgets; 15 Ginseng; 16 Cat's-paw; 20 Broaden; 23 Tenders; 24 In trust; 25 Opulent; 26 Trotter; 27 Reverberatory. **DOWN:** 2 Ordered; 3 Khedive; 4 Assures; 5 Opining; 6 Auction; 7 Dislike; 8 Mummification; 9 Primogenitors; 17 Tonsure; 18 Precede; 19 Washtub; 20 Blister; 21 Outpost; 22 Doubter.

# What Manner of Beast Is This?

This ad is an unengraved invitation to subscribe to the *Realist*, a unique magazine devoted to freethought criticism and satire—for people who think for themselves—regardless of what cigarette they smoke.

Tiffany Thayer calls the *Realist* "the liveliest thing in its field since the *Iconoclast*."

If you'd like to see why, you may secure the first five issues at the special rate of \$1 for all five. Or, if you subscribe now, those five issues are yours as a free bonus, and we'll start your subscription with No. 6.

Among the articles and features which have resulted in several angry letters and more than a thousand enthusiastic readers:

- MARRIAGE MIXTURE—clerical interference in interfaith marriages
- MONOLOGUE BY A MISS RHEINGOLD LOSER—a satire that caused an "investigation" of the *Realist* by a beer manufacturer
- TABOO OR NOT TABOO—a column on the trends in non-censorship
- SEE THE TIRED MAN—a satirical critique of telethons
- LITTLE IRISH BASKETS: BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN—a study of the traffic in illegitimate babies
- MODEST PROPOSALS — John Francis Putnam (*Mad* magazine's art director) writes a regular column of biting satire . . . TRUJILLOLAND . . . A PLAN FOR SURRENDER . . . BY ALL MEANS, LET 'EM BOMB SYNAGOGUES
- GOD ON MADISON AVENUE—selling religion to the American public
- THE DISLOCATED HIPSTERS—satirical criticism of the beat generation
- THE TOLERANT PAGAN—a regular feature, analyzing the social and political activities and antics of organized religion around the world
- DIABOLIC DIALOGUES—John Foster Dulles and Bertrand Russell discuss the morality of the clean H-bomb
- THE ROLE OF MYTH by a prominent psychiatrist
- REALIST FIRST READER—a satire on the "immorality" of artificial birth control
- THE KICKBACK MORALITY—how an American city reacts to a probe of its corruption and vice
- EXISTENTIALIST NURSERY RHYMES—children's poetry brought up to date . . . Henry Morgan recently began a monologue by reading one of these on the radio
- THE WAGES OF VIRTUE—tax evasion in nunneries

The *Realist*, to quote one of our subscribers, "fills a need that has been left unfilled for too long." We think you'll agree.

.....  
**THE REALIST, Dept. N-1, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N.Y.**

Enclosed please find (check one)

- ☐ \$1 for the first five issues of the *Realist*.
- ☐ \$3 for a 10-issue subscription—plus the first five issues as a free bonus.
- ☐ \$5 for a 20-issue subscription—plus the first five issues as a free bonus.

NAME ..... (please print)

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

